

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2312.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

WITH } SIXPENCE.
TWO SUPPLEMENTS } By Post, 6¹/₂d.



BIRTHS.

On the 7th inst., at Locko Park, Derby, the Lady Lucy Drury-Lowe, of a son.
On the 4th inst., at Downes, Crediton, the Lady Audrey Buller, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 1st inst., at Belford Park, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Armstrong Black, of Palmerston-place, U.P. Church, Joseph Allan Currie, Leith, to Annie, eldest daughter of John Waddell, Esq., of Inch.

DEATHS.

On June 29, at Alexandria, Egypt, Alexandrina, the dearly beloved wife of Mr. John Ross, of Alexandria, aged 36.

On the 31st ult., at 29, Marina, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, John McClelland, Esq., F.L.S., G.S., L.S., F.R.S. London, F.R.S. Ratisbon, Corresp. Memb. R.A. Turin, S. Nat. Hist. Boston, of 6, Lancaster-terrace, Regent's Park, N., late Principal Inspector-General of H.M. Indian Forces.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUG. 18.

SUNDAY, AUG. 12.	
Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.
Morning Lessons: I. Kings xxii. 41; Rom. x. Evening Lessons: II. Kings ii. 1-16 or iv. 8-38; Matt. xxii. 41-xxiii. 13.	St. James's, noon.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Rev. F. H. A. Scrivener; 3.15 p.m., Rev. Canon Liddon; 7 p.m., Rev. T. F. Holmes.	Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., the Rev. W. Hulton.
Monday, Aug. 13.—Grouse-shooting begins.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. Henry White, Chaplain; 7 p.m., Rev. John Lindsay, Rector of St. Clement Danes.
TUESDAY, AUG. 14.	
Horticultural Society, committee. Art-Union of London Exhibition opens.	Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta (four days). Races: Kempton Park and Egham.
WEDNESDAY, AUG. 15.	
New Reform Bill passed, 1867.	Buxton and High Peak Horse Show.
THURSDAY, AUG. 16.	
Bournemouth Regatta.	Races: Windsor Meeting.
FRIDAY, AUG. 17.	
Stockton-on-Tees Regatta.	by the Duke and Duchess of Grimsby People's Park to be opened
SATURDAY, AUG. 18.	
Full moon, 0.54 p.m.	Emperor of Austria, born 1830.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 18, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
7 35	8 3	8 35	9 15	9 58	10 35	11 12
11 48	12 11	12 48	1 0	1 18	2 42	3 16
4 1	4 6	4 13	4 21	4 28	4 36	4 41
7 35	8 3	8 35	9 15	9 58	10 35	11 12

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.—A Cheap First-Class
Train from Victoria, 10.0 a.m., Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d.; available to return by the 6.45 p.m. Express-Train, or by any later Train.

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Train from Victoria, 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.
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EXPRESS DAY SERVICE.—Every Weekday as under:—
Victoria Station. London Bridge Station. Paris.
Aug. 11 Dep. 10.35 a.m. Dep. 10.45 a.m. Arr. 9.20 p.m.
" 13 " 12.55 p.m. " 1.5 p.m. " 11.45 " "
" 14 " 8.10 a.m. " 8.20 a.m. " 8.50 " "
" 15 " 9.10 " " 9.20 " " 10.0 " "
NIGHT TIDAL SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.
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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN and CALEDONIAN
RAILWAYS.—The SUMMER SERVICE of PASSENGER TRAINS from LONDON to SCOTLAND is now in operation.

		WEEK DAYS.		SUNDAYS.	
		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston Station)	dep.	5.15	7.15	10.0	11.0
Edinburgh	arr.	4.30	5.50	7.50	9.45
Glasgow	..	4.45	6.0	8.0	10.0
Greenock	..	5.02	7.15	9.5	11.42
Glen	..	5.43	7.45	10.45	12.15
Perth	..	6.50	8.55	11.40	1.5
Dundee	..	7.30	9.35	12.50	3.0
Aberdeen	..	10.10	—	3.20	11.40
Inverness	..	—	—	8.0	1.30

The HIGHLAND EXPRESS (8.0 p.m.) leaves Euston every night (Saturdays excepted), and is due at Greenock in time to enable passengers to join the steamers to the Western Coast of Scotland. It also arrives at Perth in time to enable passengers to breakfast there before proceeding northwards.

THE TRAIN WILL BE RUN SPECIALLY ON SATURDAY, AUG. 11.
From July 16 to Aug. 10 (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) an additional express train will leave Euston Station at 7.30 p.m. for Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all parts of Scotland. This train will convey special parties, horses, and carriages.

A Does not run to Oban or Dundee on Sunday mornings.
B Does not run beyond Edinburgh and Glasgow on Sunday mornings.
Day Saloons fitted with lavatory accommodation are attached to the 10.0 a.m. down express-train from Euston to Edinburgh and Glasgow, &c., without extra charge.

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G. FINDLAY, General Manager, L. and N.W. Railway.
J. THOMSON, General Manager, Caledonian Railway.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—The SUMMER SERVICE of FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
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TOURIST TICKETS, available up to Dec. 31, 1883, are also issued from London (Liverpool-street) to Fife, Scarborough, Whitby, and the principal Tourist Stations in Scotland.
For further particulars see bills.
London, August, 1883. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

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SECOND-CLASS Carriages to the EXPRESS TRAINS in Switzerland. Carriages lighted with gas, and fitted with the Safety Continuous Brakes; Sleeping Cars; and excellent Buffets at the Swiss stations.
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Open Daily, from Nine a.m. to Ten p.m., except Wednesday, when doors are open from Ten a.m. to Eleven p.m., until further notice.
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TINWORTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.
Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."

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All the new songs received with unbounded enthusiasm. Enormous success of the Grand Military Sketch, THE CHARLESTOWN BLUES. Mr. G. W. MOORE and Company.
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INDEX TO VOL. EIGHTY-TWO.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

The close of the Session is at last in sight, and our wearied legislators may begin to look up their Murrays and Baedekers, to clean their guns for the moors, or to see that rod and line are in readiness for a piscatorial campaign. Parliament, Mr. Gladstone hopes, will bring its labours to an end during the week which terminates on the 25th inst. Much, however, still remains to be done, and members may congratulate themselves if they are allowed to "break up" on the last day of the week named. The Irish Police Bill is to be withdrawn, but the chief Government measures, including the Bankruptcy and National Debt Bills, will be pressed rapidly forward. Two or three short bills have yet to be introduced, but they are not of a character to provoke opposition. One indeed—that of the Local Government Board, which aims at securing greater regularity of action among the local authorities, in order that, should cholera make its appearance among us, its advance may be effectually resisted—will command hearty support on both sides of the House. The policy of the Government in Egypt and South Africa will possibly form the subjects of party debates; but, judging from the count-out of Friday last, when Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, with characteristic modesty, endeavoured to call Lord Ripon's administration of Indian affairs into question, the House seems in too languid a state to go very seriously into Foreign business. The Session, the days of which are now numbered, will not be remembered for any very brilliant legislative achievements; but it can show some solid and useful work.

Although Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's attempt to criticise the Indian career of Lord Ripon ended in an amusing fiasco, opposition to what is known as the Ilbert Bill has by no means ceased. The controversy rages still furiously in India; whilst in this country, in spite of the dog days, crowded meetings of Anglo-Indians assemble to pronounce for or against it. Last week the advocates of the bill assembled in their hundreds, if not in their thousands, at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Bright; and the demonstration will, doubtless, encourage the Government to give further support to the policy of the Viceroy. Mr. Bright spoke as powerfully and effectively as he always does when denouncing what he regards as an injustice, and we must add, with his usual readiness to take it for granted that his countrymen must be in the wrong. The most striking speech, however, was that of Mr. Lal Mohun Ghose, a native member of the Calcutta Bar, whose mastery of the English language commanded general admiration. With

the exception of a few somewhat minatory and unwise sentences at the end, Mr. Ghose's speech was both a temperate and eloquent statement of the case from the native point of view. Mr. Forster, who also addressed the meeting, was, indeed, so charmed with it, that he expressed the wish that some English constituency might return Mr. Ghose as its representative. The Judges of the High Court of Calcutta have, however, pronounced against the bill, which, it will be remembered, is intended to give to native magistrates, belonging to the Covenanted Civil Service, throughout India, the power of trying Europeans. There seems little reason to doubt that the bill was uncalled for; but to withdraw it, in face of the present agitation, will not be easy.

Our struggle with cholera in Egypt, however, rather than Indian legislation, continues to attract public attention. Among the native population the mortality seems to be decreasing, and with the rising of the waters of the Nile a marked change for the better may be expected. In the Army of Occupation the number of deaths makes now, we regret to add, a serious total; but by resorting to the Indian method of moving the troops as soon as a case occurs we may hope to keep the disease fairly under. That the gallant staff of medical men who have gone out from this country will operate against the dread enemy with as much resolution and promptitude as did Sir Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir we make no doubt, and their efforts will, we trust, be rewarded with like success. A note from her Majesty's Government has been communicated to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs protesting against the view taken so generally on the Continent that, by our not enforcing quarantine in the case of vessels coming from India, we are exposing Europe to danger.

The possibility of cholera finding its way into this country is once more bringing the question of the water supply of the metropolis to the front. Last week an important deputation waited on the Home Secretary in reference to the high charges and inadequate supply of which all Londoners complain. As the rating increases with the value of the property, so does the charge for water, although there is no improvement in quantity or quality. The effect of this is that the price offered to the companies by Sir Richard Cross for the prospective value of their property is exceeded now by the estimated actual value, and before long it will be cheaper to provide an entirely new supply. Little or nothing, however, can be done, says Sir William Harcourt, until a municipality has been created for London. It is but sorry comfort to be told that we must go on filtering, boiling, and—grumbling.

For some time past we have all been simply amazed, as we have read the reports of the trial of the Hungarian Jews for the alleged murder of Esther Solymosi in order to provide human blood for Passover observances, at the depths of superstition in which the villagers who pressed the charge are still sunk. The legend that the blood of Christian children is used to leaven Passover cakes was, however, probably employed by not a few who promoted the prosecution solely to fan that prejudice against the Jews which so largely prevails among the lower classes in Eastern Europe, and with no personal belief. The fifteen prisoners were all acquitted last Friday, the case against them having utterly broken down. But it is to be hoped that the conduct of the village authorities, who are said to have used threats, and even torture, to extract evidence against the objects of their hatred, will be fully investigated, and not suffered to go unpunished. The whole story takes us back to the gloom and grim beliefs of the Middle Ages, and renders it difficult to believe that we are living amidst railways and newspapers.

By the death of King Tu Duc the possibility of an amicable settlement of the dispute between France and Annam is considerably increased. Tu Duc had on more than one occasion been at war with the French, and had come to be looked upon as an hereditary enemy. Attacks upon some Catholic missionaries, and the murder of a Bishop in 1858, led to the capture of Saigon by the combined forces of France and Spain. After the Chinese war there was a renewal of hostilities, which ended in Tu Duc being obliged to pay a war indemnity and sign a treaty, the obligations of which, according to the French, he was always trying to evade. For the death of Captain Riviere he was also held responsible. His removal, therefore, can hardly fail to smooth the way for peace negotiations. Preparations for a fresh struggle continue, it is true, on both sides; but Tu Duc's nephew, who succeeds him, will, we hope, do his best by reasonable concessions to avert it.

With as little hitch as possible, the Parcels Post was last week happily instituted. That it will bring many a glad surprise, both to country homes and town "residences," we do not doubt; but it will yet more affect the commercial life of the country. Regent-street and Oxford-street will not despise it; neither, we may be sure, will the keen manufacturer of the North nor the provincial tradesman. Many as have been the beneficent plans devised by Mr. Fawcett, whilst holding the sceptre in St. Martin's-le-Grand, the establishment of the Parcels Post will probably secure for him the most enduring memory.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

Many years ago, wandering about the North of England, I was so fortunate as to make the passing acquaintance, in an inn parlour, of a middle-aged gentleman, who gravely informed me that he was a lineal descendant of More of More Hall, who slew the Dragon of Wantley. His illustrious descent did not make him in the least haughty. He merely alluded to it as an incontrovertible genealogical fact. We cannot help the greatness of our forefathers. Thus, there is extant a Roman Prince who can trace his descent back to the Twelve Cæsars; and the Estes, Dukes of Ferrara, claimed Hercules as one of their forefathers. Thus one can sincerely congratulate on the antiquity of his lineage an anonymous gentleman who, in a letter to the *Times* protesting against the Bank Holiday mummery at Coventry, signs himself "A Lineal Descendant of Leofric and Godiva." There is not the slightest reason why the gentleman should not be so descended. There may be many actual Yorkshire peasants of the family of Gurth the swineherd or of that of Higg the son of Snell; and whenever you see a trooper in the Life Guards with dark hair and eyes and an aquiline nose you may feel tolerably sure that he is a lineal descendant of some veteran of a Roman legion settled in Britain in the days of the Cæsars.

The letter published in the *Times* is a very sensible one. The writer points out that Mr. Freeman has described the Lady Godiva fable as "a disgrace to English history," and that the Saxon chronicler Ingulf of Croyland, "who knew Lady Godiva personally," Ordericus Vitalis, who was almost a contemporary, Simon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, and William of Malmesbury, say nothing about it. Old Roger of Wendover seems to have been the first chronicler who gave currency to the Godiva myth. See Roger of Wendover in "Bohn's Antiquarian Library." I wrote an article on his old-time gossip in "Household Words" some thirty years ago; and it was possibly the confusion of mind arising from his amazing statements that led me to commit the error of placing a plaster cast of the Venus of Melos in the studio of Nicolas Poussin.

By-the-way, talking of anachronisms, Sir James Mackintosh, in his great speech on behalf of Peltier, prosecuted for a libel on Napoleon when First Consul, spoke of the bayonets of Cromwell's soldiery. Were old Noll's soldiers ever armed with such weapons? Bayonets seem to have been first used in the French army in 1671; but the word, in the sense of a dagger, is a very old one. It is in Cotgrave.

Returning for a moment to Lady Godiva, her lineal descendant asserts that "the most conclusive evidence against Lady Godiva's ride is the simple fact that, at the time when it is said to have taken place, the town or borough of Coventry did not exist." It owed, according to the lineal descendant, its being to the famous Benedictine monastery built at the instigation of Godiva by Earl Leofric, A.D. 1023-1043.

But the local historians of Coventry, or Conventry, state that there was another monastic foundation here before the abbey built by Leofric and Godiva—a convent, indeed, built by Canute, the Dane, of which St. Osburg was abbess. This convent was burned, in 1016, by Eadric the Traitor, who invaded Mercia, and destroyed many towns in Warwickshire, including Coventry. Leofric certainly had a castle here; and, given a castle and a monastery, the existence of some kind of town may be fairly assumed. I am aware that Coventry was not incorporated until the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1344; but Leofric, it is stated, at the intercession of Godiva, conferred certain charters, immunities, and privileges on the citizens of Coventry, "the same being commemorated in the south window of Trinity Church by portraits of the Earl and Countess with a poetical legend."

The main objection to the holding of the Coventry pageant on a Bank Holiday in August might be that it has taken place, this year, at the wrong time. The Godiva ride should be celebrated on the Friday after Corpus Christi day. For the rest, the processional tomfoolery of August 6 is evidently a dim survival of the old itinerant "Miracle Plays" for which Coventry was mediævally so renowned. In these plays all kinds of personages, Scriptural, Pagan, and allegorical, were wont to figure; and I should be but slightly astonished were some diligent antiquary to discover that the original of Lady Godiva was a mediæval presentment of our mother Eve in the State of Innocence, and that Peeping Tom at first represented the Enemy of Mankind.

"I am afraid I shall not be able to send you any venison, because there is no carrier from Longleat to Bristol. Does a carrier come to Gloucester every day, or what days?" Thus wrote on Aug. 5, 1731, Mrs. Mary Granville Pendarves (afterwards Mrs. Delany) to her sister, Mrs. Ann Granville. How gleefully the delightful Mary Granville, who was always giving away things among her friends—fans, flowers, shells, drawings, potted lampreys, and what not—would have availed herself of the facilities of the Parcels Post, had such a boon been provided in her day. The General Post Office, indeed, dispatched all manner of out-of-the-way things beyond sea; but for inland parcels transport the public were wholly dependent on the carrier.

Just now, under Mr. Fawcett's latest dispensation, I am informed, by public advertisement, that I (and millions of my fellow-countrymen) can have sent to us by Parcels Post a "Marvellous half-guinea cabinet of heraldic stationery"; "a pair of lace curtains, four yards wide, of splendid design" for seven shillings and sixpence, "and a choice of pork, veal and ham, chicken and game pies."

Query, how will the provincial descendant, lineal or otherwise, of Hobson, the University carrier, like the Parcels Post? You remember Milton's epitaph—

Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light;
His leisure told him that his time was come;
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That e'en to his last breath, there be that say't
As he were press'd to death, he cried, "More Weight!"

The provincial Hobsons, it may be, will fail to discern the beneficence of the Parcels Post.

The scandalous trial of the Hungarian Jews at Nyireghyaza having ended in the acquittal of all the accused persons, we may expect during the autumn a flood of erudition in the magazines and reviews on anti-Jewish superstitions and persecutions in bygone times. I would respectfully draw the attention of writers who propose to take up this curious subject to the case reported in the "Causes Célèbres" of Gayot de Pitaval (vol. xx., pp. 238-361), "Juifs condamnés pour un Crime Enorme que révoque l'Humanité," in which the story is told of an unfortunate Hebrew named Raphael Levi, who was tried, tortured, and ultimately burned alive in the year 1669 for the abduction and murder of a Christian child of three. The principal witness against this luckless Israelite (who maintained his innocence to the last, and, his limbs half dislocated by the "question ordinaire et extraordinaire," went to the scaffold with what the reporter himself admits to have been "surprising intrepidity") was a dragon belonging to the company of the Comte de Vaudemont. The Comte de Vaudemont again!

The excellent Earl of Shaftesbury has called the attention of the House of Peers to what his Lordship considers to be the systematic torture of juvenile acrobats in training them for their difficult vocation. Young children, we are told, of both sexes are subjected to merciless punishments, very often they have their limbs dislocated or broken; more frequently they have to wear pads and bandages, and "these accidents are always hushed up." So the admirable philanthropist, to whom we owe so many measures for the protection of little children, wishes that the law prohibiting dangerous performances by young persons under fourteen should be strengthened by an enactment forbidding the apprenticeship of children of tender years to be brought up "as acrobats, circus-riders, and such-like."

Lord Dalhousie, in reply to Lord Shaftesbury, pointed out that it was too late in the Session to think of bringing in a bill for the purpose mentioned; but he thought that the School Boards ought to set their faces against children being apprenticed to the trade of tumbling. The outcry against the torture of juvenile gymnasts is no new thing; but this latest spasm of righteous indignation seems to have been provoked by a letter to the newspapers from a clergyman who had been horrified by a performance at Eastbourne, in which he saw a little girl, called in the programme "the Human Serpent," throw her head backward and bend her spine so that her head not only touched the ground, but was bent completely under her, so that her face looked out from between her legs.

If you will turn to Anthony Rich's "Dictionary of Roman and Greek Antiquities," you will find, under article "cernus" (2), the engraving of a young female performing the "Human Serpent" trick; only she brings her head forward, and so bends her spine (her hands resting on the ground) that her legs come over her head, and her heels project several inches beyond her forehead. She is an ancient Greek female, and one of her favourite exercises was to turn a back summersault between a row of swords and knives stuck in the ground, points upwards. The trick was called *εἰς μαχαίρας κλισίαν*. It is mentioned in Plato. There is nothing new under the sun; and the tricks of contortionists are among the oldest things under it.

The plain, common-sense view of the matter seems to be this. No male or female performer will ever do any good as an acrobat whose joints have not been rendered completely supple ("broken" is, I believe, the technical term) by the time he or she is eight, or, at the most, ten years old. Many acrobats begin their training at six. I do not (having seen a good deal of the showman race) place much faith in the stories of young gymnasts being habitually flogged, or otherwise ill-treated; but the mere nature of their training necessarily subjects them to a great deal of physical pain and discomfort. It is shocking to think of children being tied into knots, so to speak, and have their spines bent the wrong way; and the apprenticeship of young children to acrobats and funambulists should be legally suppressed. That is to say, such suppression should be enforced if the public can be induced entirely to dispense with acrobatic performances at music-halls and elsewhere; for, as I have observed, no acrobat who has not begun to distort his or her limbs at a very early period can ever be an adept in his or her profession. Never mind if these people or their predecessors have been tumbling for an indefinite number of thousands of years. Children cannot be taught to tumble without their limbs being made to ache and their blood to swim in their heads, and we have no right to make them sore and giddy for our ultimate diversion.

So it is with circus-riding. Children begin their initiation in the mysteries of the Ring at a period so early that very often the poor wee things have to be strapped on to the backs of the horses that carry them. Truly, it is generally to their own parents that they are apprenticed; and they are, as a rule, enthusiastically fond of their vocation; still, in the course of their apprenticeship, they usually receive an unpleasantly liberal allowance of whipcord at the hands of the riding master at rehearsal. At least such used to be the case in the days when I knew anything about circus-riding. Are we prepared entirely to dispense with our scenes in the Circus because girls as well as boys have to go through a good deal of hardship before they can go through a "trick act"? At the same time, when the law on this subject comes to be altered, I hope that, in addition to juvenile acrobats and circus-riders, all juvenile pianists, harpists, and violinists will be rigorously put down. Only think upon the tortures, mental and physical, which a poor little "Infant Prodigy" of eight must have undergone before she becomes capable of performing a concerto on the grand pianoforte at a fashionable concert. Tickets half-a-guinea, Sofa-stalls one guinea. First performance of Signorina Lotti Dotti the infant Thalberg, and La Bimba Maravigliosa, aged seven and a half, commonly called the juvenile Ole Bull.

Who is the "author" of a photograph and the person in whom the copyright thereof is originally vested? This apparently

vexed point was decided in the Court of Appeal last week. A very well known firm of photographers in London sent one of their employés to Kennington Oval to focus the Australian team of cricketers, and duly registered the negative as their property, under the Copyright Act. The photograph being published, was reproduced by a photographer at Leeds. Against him the London firm of photographers brought an action, in which they failed, Mr. Justice Field holding that plaintiffs were not the "authors" of the photograph within the meaning of the Act, and that they had been wrongly registered as such.

Against this finding the plaintiffs appealed. But the Master of the Rolls upheld the decision of the Court below, on the ground that the "author" of a painting was the painter, of a drawing the person who used the pencil; "and the only conclusion he could come to was that the 'author' of a photograph was the person who actually grouped and arranged the subjects and took the negative." His Lordship prefaced his judgment by expressing his opinion that the person who drew the Act of Parliament in question was not very clear as to who was entitled to register as the "author" of a photograph. So the appeal was dismissed, with costs.

But, the unlearned in the law may ask, is there not often a good deal of "joint authorship" in a photograph? The focuser is not always the person who groups and arranges the sitters. Sometimes those processes are performed by another employé, or by the chief photographer himself, or his partner, if he have one. Again, the "focuser" can scarcely be the sole "author," seeing that when the subject is focussed some other person removes the morocco leather cap covering the lens, and allows the process of "exposure" to begin. Finally, the sitter might pose, and the "focuser" and his assistant labour in vain if the Blessed Sun did not likewise contribute his share—and a very considerable share, too—to the authorship. Of course, assistant photographers will now be required to assign the copyrights to their employers of all the negatives which they take; but how will it be with the photographs already published. Who is the legal "author" of the multitude of Henry Irvings, Ellen Terrys, Lillie Langtrys, and Archbishops of Canterbury which embellish our shop windows?

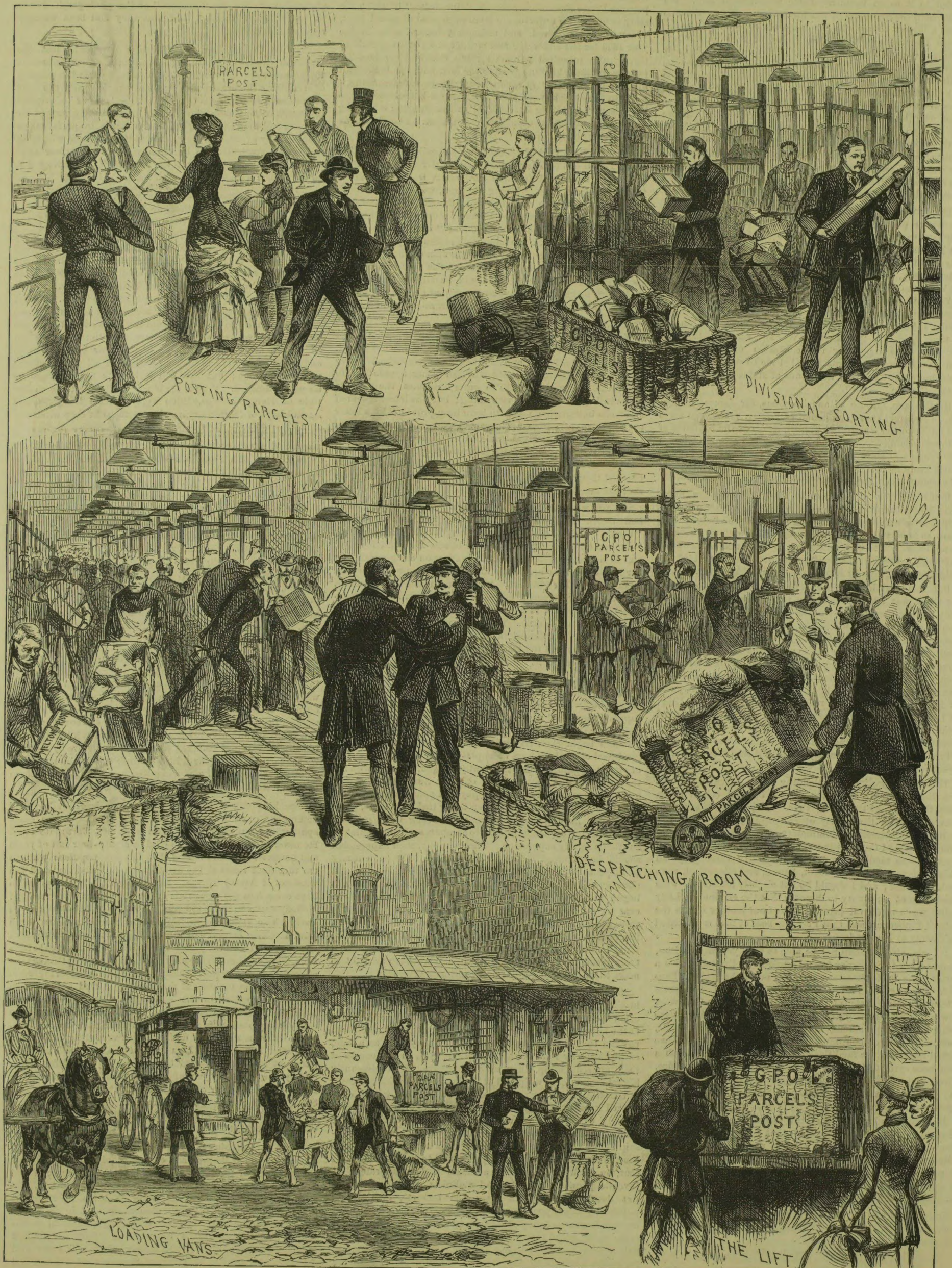
I do my utmost to banish from my breast the baleful passion of envy; but I find it difficult to avoid being just a little envious of a noble lord—the initial of his title only is given—who, at the Stourhead library sale at Messrs. Sotheby's last week, purchased, for a hundred guineas, Sir R. C. Hoare's "Hungerfordiana; or, Memoirs of the Family of Hungerford, Illustrated with Water-Colour Drawings. A.D. 1823." It must be a deeply interesting book. Next to the Courtenays, the Hungerfords have been, I suppose, the most unlucky historic family in England. It is more than three hundred and fifty years since that Dame Alice, or Agnes Hungerford, was hanged at Tyburn for the murder of her stepson. The Sir Edward Hungerford, known as "the spend-thrift," of Charles the Second's time, gave, it is said, five hundred pounds for a periwig in which to figure at a Court ball, and to satisfy his passion for gambling sold more than a score of manors.

Mr. Pepys tells us in his diary how the princely mansion of the Hungerfords by Durham Yard in the Strand was burned to the ground, through the carelessness of a servant-maid who was sent to take a candle from a bunch, "which she did by burning it off, and left the rest, as is supposed, on fire." Charles the Second was always "on hand" at a conflagration; and the King and his courtiers hastened from Whitehall to the blazing Hungerford House, "and stopped the fire by blowing up the next house." Sir Edward obtained permission to build a market on the site of his incinerated mansion; and was there ever an unluckier place than old Hungerford market?

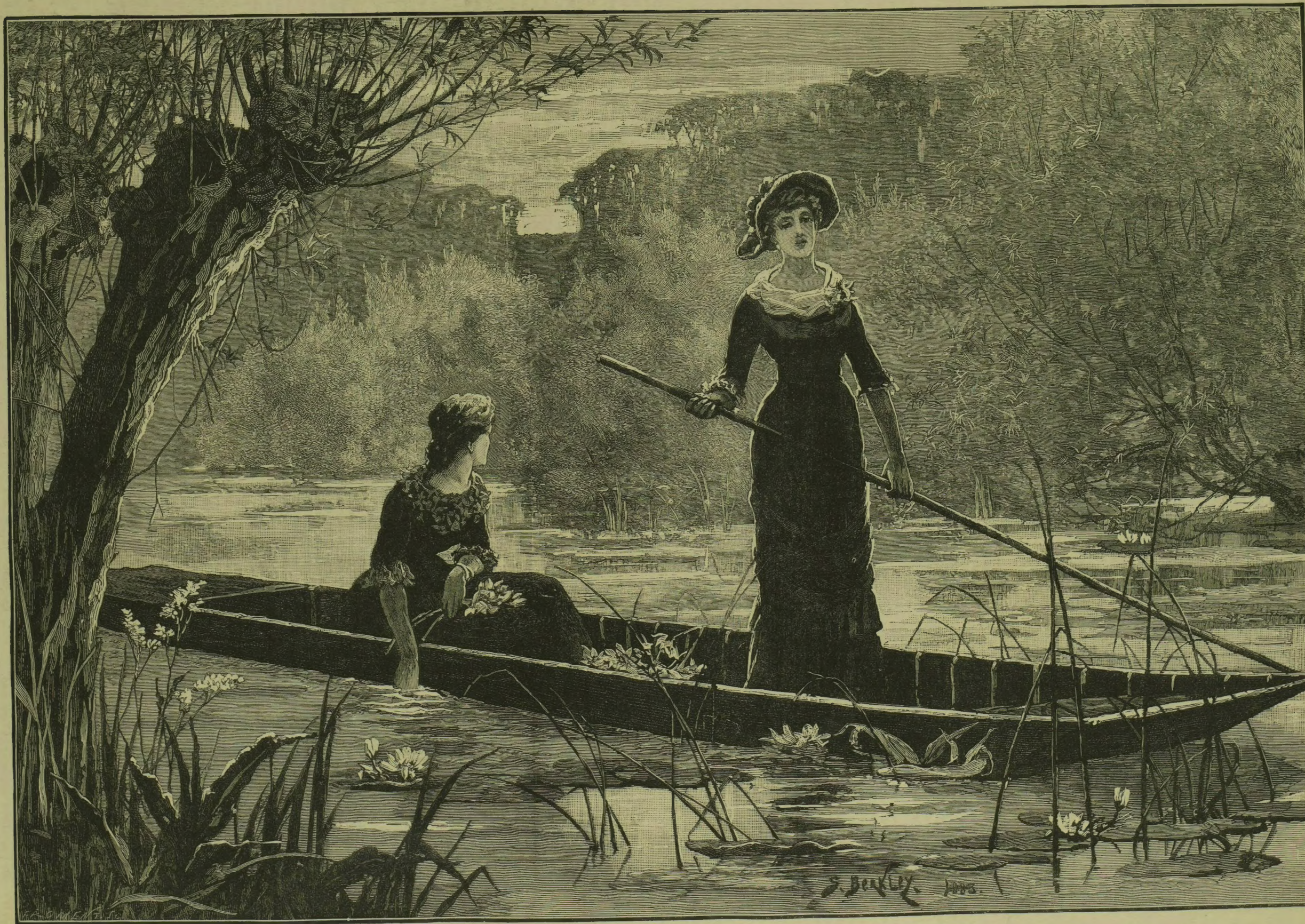
Speaking of ill-luck reminds one of the Duke of Wellington's monument, or rather monuments. The Iron Duke was, quite apart from his military genius, an extremely fortunate man. He never lost a battle, and he died at eighty-four full of years and honours, beloved even by that London populace who, in the turbulent times of the first Reform Bill, had smashed the windows of Apsley House. But curious ill-luck appears to have overtaken the memorials of the Great Captain of the Age. Nobody seems to think much of the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park. The Duke's equestrian statue has been taken down from Decimus Burton's disintegrated arch; and now the idea of re-erecting it on the parade in St. James's Park seems to have been abandoned, and it is coolly proposed to consign the luckless effigy to the melting-pot. Finally, an agitation is on foot to remove the Wellington monument designed by Alfred Stevens from its present position in the Wellington Chapel, formerly the Bishop's Consistory Court, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to a more conspicuous position in the nave, completing the work according to Stevens's original design by surmounting it with an equestrian figure of the Duke. That the horse and his rider have not hitherto crowned the canopy of the edifice seems mainly due to a silly jest of the late Dean Milman about the Duke of Wellington riding into St. Paul's on horseback. Surely the very reverend gentleman might have remembered the tombs of the Scaligers at Verona, and the equestrian statue of Constantine the Great in the vestibule of St. Peter's at Rome.

I can have nothing to do with the merits of the controversy, since, by arguing its pros and cons, I should be infringing on the province of my esteemed colleague the art-critic of this Journal. I may however mention, without impropriety, that an elaborate drawing by Mr. John Watkins of Stevens's original design for the Wellington monument in St. Paul's is to be found in Mr. Walter Armstrong's splendid monograph "Alfred Stevens: a Biographical Study (Remington and Co., 1881), and that in the same work there is a powerful drawing, also by Mr. Watkins, of Stevens's all but finished model for the equestrian statue of the Duke destined to surmount the structure in St. Paul's. The figure is bareheaded and the horse is without a bridle, nor has the animal any perceptible saddle; but these trifling deficiencies could easily be supplied by a competent sculptor.

G. A. S.



THE PARCELS POST.—FIRST DAY: SKETCHES AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE.



IN SEARCH OF WATER LILIES.

THE NEW PARCELS POST.

Social, commercial, and domestic convenience, in various ways, and upon a very extensive scale, will be furthered by this excellent institution, which came into operation throughout the United Kingdom on Wednesday, the 1st inst. It has been proposed and discussed, and from time to time officially considered, during more than twenty years past. Indeed, so far back as 1858, it was recommended by the Society of Arts to her Majesty's Government. The Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, Postmaster-General, with his able and zealous official staff at St. Martin's-le-Grand, must now be congratulated upon a great administrative success. We published last week the regulations and tariff of postal charges; from which it should be remembered that the limit of weight for a post-parcel is seven pounds avoirdupois, while no parcel must exceed 3ft. 6in. in length, and the length and girth together must not be more than 6ft. Boxes or bales about 2ft. 6in. long, and little more than 3ft. round the middle, will serve for the conveyance of many light wares from shops and factories. Haberdashery, millinery, and the like, will go very well in pasteboard boxes of this size; and smaller parcels of books, tea and groceries, biscuits and confectionery, may be sent direct to customers, in reply to a post-card, without delay. A parcel under the weight of one pound goes for threepence; above 1lb. and under 3lb., sixpence; over 3lb. but not 5lb., ninepence; above 5lb., one shilling. These weights include the paper, string, and affixed postage stamps; so that a full pound of tea, for instance, when packed, will not be carried for threepence; and perhaps it will be wiser to order two pounds of tea at once, or two pounds and a half; the same with other commodities sold by weight. Books, we fancy, will henceforth be ordered direct from the publisher, instead of through country booksellers; the eager reading public will be more promptly served, the publisher's accounts will be greatly simplified, and we hope the author, who too often gets little or no money for his work, may receive a small share of the pecuniary returns.

The First Day of the Parcels Post at the General Post Office, at the London District Post Offices, and at six or seven new offices specially established for this work in different parts of London, was an interesting occasion. It was notified by the appearance in the streets of a number of vehicles constructed for the purpose, collecting vans of scarlet and black colour, each drawn by one horse; besides which there were light cars for delivery in the streets and roads of the metropolis, and a few hand-carts. At the General Post Office, of which we give some illustrations, large apartments have been prepared for the dispatch of parcels, situated in the basement, at the end of the building nearest Cheapside, and by excavations under the roadway there, between Foster-lane and St. Martin's-le-Grand. This subterranean gallery is lined with glazed white tiles, and illuminated from above by skylights. In the centre of the gallery, at one side, are two wooden shoots; one passing up to the yard for the use of inward mails, and the other going through the floor of the receiving-office, to admit of the packages being sent down from above as they are received. At the other end is a lift for hoisting the ready-packed "outward" bags and baskets to that side of the yard, where they are placed in vans and carts and driven off to the railway stations. In the sorting-room, against the walls, stand simple white pine receptacles of light construction, each marked with the name of a town or district in black. In the passage-way, near the shoots down which the parcels arrive, is a treble row of long wicker baskets, one above the other, but far enough apart to admit of packages being freely placed in each. With the aid of these mechanical arrangements, on the 1st inst., the large staff of sorters, most of whom are experienced hands in the letter department, and many "helpers," for the most part Army Reserve men, energetically set to work, and were ceaselessly employed all day. Upon the arrival, in the yard above, of a collecting van, coming either from a tour of the metropolitan offices, or from a railway terminus, the capacious mouth of the shoot would open and the packages would glide down with great rapidity. They were seized upon below by numbers of willing hands, and the first rough sortment into the rows of wicker baskets, each proportioned to a division, was then made. It was here that the work on the first day was often hardest, as the carts came rattling in from all quarters, and parcels of every form and dimensions poured down the incline in a steady stream. It threatened to overwhelm the struggling clerks; but more men came to their assistance; and by constant supervision of the chiefs, and methodical regularity, no hitch arose from the opening to the closing hour. The moment a divisional basket could be pronounced full it disappeared, being drawn out from the side opposite to the sorters, placed on a truck, and conveyed to the opposite extremity of the room, there to be redivided in more particular portions for package in baskets and bags, and for dispatch by train to the provincial town for which it was destined.

For the reception of parcels brought to the General Post Office direct, not in the collecting vans, a counter was opened in the St. Martin's-le-Grand front of the building, and another in Foster-lane; from both of which the parcels are instantly sent down, by shoots, to the sorting-rooms in the basement. The total number of parcels, from the collecting vans and from all other sources, which passed through the sorting-room up to midnight on the first day, was twenty-five thousand. Mr. Fawcett, accompanied by Mr. Stevenson Blackwood, Secretary to the Post Office, and other chief officials, visited the General Post Office on the Wednesday and Thursday, the first and second day, and inspected all the processes under these new arrangements.

London has been divided, for the parcels post, into twelve districts, each having a dépôt. In some cases, as yet, the parcels are dealt with at the head postal offices of the division: The newly-constituted districts which do not coincide with those for the letter post are those of the General Post Office, Liverpool-street, Leicester-square, Waterloo, London Bridge, Eastern, Northern, King's-cross, Euston, Paddington, Western, and South-Western. Of these the chief centres are St. Martin's-le-Grand, Euston, Paddington, London Bridge, King's-cross, and Leicester-square. The district dépôts interchange sealed baskets with each other and make up bags for what are termed "roads," to go into the country by railway, besides their own local deliveries four or five times during the day. The London Bridge dépôt, for the South-Eastern district, occupies a wing of the old St. Thomas's Hospital. The Euston district has temporary premises in Cardington-street, and is charged with the London and North-Western system and the dispatch of parcels to Ireland and Scotland. The traffic to Scotland is also served by the King's-cross dépôt, which is situated in a large warehouse in York-road.

In order to save the 55 per cent of the rates which the railway companies can claim for their share of the work, an entirely new cart service will collect from and deliver to suburban post-offices and receiving-houses on the roads around London. A cart, in which sorting is carried on, runs from Euston to Harrow, calling at St. John's-wood, Kilburn, Willesden, Sudbury, and other places. Road consignments are dispatched from King's-cross to Barnet, Waltham, Waltham-cross, and Enfield. Other van routes, having nothing to do with the railways, are arranged

IN SEARCH OF WATER LILIES.

English rivers and ponds, so delightful in summer, have no more charming accessory features than this beautiful aquatic plant. Among the abundant contents of the recent attractive Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water Colours at its noble new galleries in Piccadilly, visitors must have often paused to admire the two fine pictures of Water Lilies on the Thames, by Mr. J. Aumonier, and on the Cherwell by Mr. Keeley Halswelle. The scene delineated by our own artist, in one of our Engravings this week, gains additional interest from the presence of human figures. The crew of a punt, afloat upon a delicious piece of water, curtained with osiers and willows and other riverside trees, have a pleasant time of it no doubt on a sunshiny afternoon in the month of July or August. If the crew happen to consist of two such engaging young ladies as are here depicted, somebody would like, perhaps, to watch their proceedings from the innocent covert of adjacent foliage, and to hear the gentle laughter of triumphant dexterity, as she with the pole in hand deftly drives their shallow vessel across the placid stream, to be within reach of the coveted flowers. Nymphs or Naiads could find no purer enjoyment in this department of nature; only they would dispense with pole and punt and take to the water as their proper element, wearing, as they would, no clothes to be spoiled by getting wet. These damsels, however, if by mischance they suffer a ducking, have probably been taught to swim; and their home is not far distant, the river winding, seemingly, through their father's park. We admire their method of healthy recreation, and sympathise with the pleasure it affords them.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Saturday, Aug. 4, Drury Lane Theatre, very handsomely swept and garnished, was reopened for the autumnal season. London's emptiness is Mr. Augustus Harris's opportunity, since it is on the million that the spirited manager in question mainly relies for patronage; and there are always a few millions of people left in the metropolis when it is at its very emptiest in a fashionable sense. So Old Drury was crowded to the roof by an audience of "millionaires" (I don't mean financial ones), who greeted with the greatest enthusiasm and delight the first performance of a grand melodramatic spectacle, in four acts and eight tableaux, called "Freedom." The piece, it is announced, is written by Mr. George F. Rowe, in conjunction with Mr. Augustus Harris. It has been produced under the direction of Mr. Augustus Harris: the part of the hero is most vigorously played by Mr. Augustus Harris; and a photo-lithographed presentment of Mr. Augustus Harris's expressive head and shoulders appears on the front of the programme, beneath the notification that Mr. Augustus Harris is sole lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. "Veluti in speculum" was the motto which once adorned the proscenium of the National Theatre. As things go, "Pro Harris et focis" might not be an inappropriate legend to emblazon on the drop-curtain.

"Freedom," as a spectacle, is very well worth seeing indeed. Seldom has there been presented on our stage a grander or more superb tableau than that presented in the second scene of the last act, "the Giant Temple of Rameses," with its rocky foreground and beautiful view of the Nile, painted by Mr. W. R. Beverley. In wealth of brilliant and harmonious colour, in ingenuity of composition and cunning of aerial perspective, the greatest of living scene-painters has in this magnificent picture added another leaf to the rich chaplet of laurels which he won ever so long ago; and the undiminished power of his glowing pencil is again manifest in the first scene of the fourth act, "The Rock Temple." The scenery in the preceding tableaux is by that very capable artist Mr. Henry Emden, and comprises a great deal of skilful scene-building as well as painting. The opening tableau of "a Bazaar in an Eastern City" is almost as bright and picturesque as a water-colour transcript from Oriental life by Louis Haghe; and again in the "compound," or courtyard, of the English Consulate, with its built-out walls and gates, its "practicable" piazzas and staircases, Mr. Emden has shown himself an adept in those structural devices which play so important a part in the modern practice of scenic art. Throughout the piece—it is an act too long—the costumes, the grouping, and the general stage management are on a par with the scenery. They show splendour which is never garish, but is in strict consonance with the canons of artistic propriety and good taste. The donkey boys and their "real live donkeys" in the first act cannot in any wise be objected to; and the mules, camels, and horses so liberally trotted about in the caravan scene in the last act are quite true to transcripts of Eastern life. And only a very slight and quite pardonable liberty is taken with the matter of fact of Anglo-Egyptian manners by enlivening the marriage of a lieutenant in the English Navy with an English banker's daughter by a dance of *Almé* (there are no *Ghawazie* now, I suppose) in the courtyard of the consulate.

My readers may be slightly astonished at my having alluded to the scenery and costumes in "Freedom" before saying anything about the drama itself. But I had reasons for taking such a course. I always like to say the very best that I can for Drury Lane Theatre: first, because when the house is kept open and well supported it gives employment to large numbers of industrious people; next, because Mr. Augustus Harris, notwithstanding all his amusing braggadocio and his craze for advertising himself in every possible shape and form, in season and out of season, is really a very able, indefatigable, and indomitably plucky manager, zealously doing his utmost to cater for the amusement and instruction of the public. Nature has not endowed him with the actor's gifts; I am afraid that he will never learn the actor's art; and his friends—of whom he must have troops—should earnestly advise him not to attempt acting. He has quite enough to do in advising his playwrights in the dramatic construction and arrangement of the spectacles which they compose for him, and in putting spectacles on the stage with almost unrivalled magnificence, liberality, and taste. So I spoke of the scenery and accessories in "Freedom" first, because they can be conscientiously and, I may almost say, unsparingly praised. The drama is not by any means so good. It is a common-place melodrama, with a thread of allusion to the late Egyptian campaign running not very coherently through it; and its "comic" business is mainly redundant, and, worse than that, not comic. In dramatic incident and dialogue "Freedom" oscillates between the manner of a "blood and thunder" melodrama in the old days of "The Vic" and "Bravo" Hicks, and that of an "equestrian military spectacle" of the still older days of Astley's under the management of Ducrow. Indeed, more than once, listening to the ultra-Jingoism with which "Freedom" is so plentifully spiced, I began to think that Gomersal was still great in the land, and that Cartlich had come again.

A troupe of first-rate actors and actresses interpret a text which might, without much harm being done, have been confided to artists of very moderate professional status. Mr. James Fernandez plays with cool deliberation, not unworthy Iago, the part of Mohammed Araf Bey, a perfidious and prodigal "Egyptian Colonel"; Mr. Harry Jackson has few

opportunities of displaying his rich and racy qualities of drolery as Jacob Blompet, a Dutch travelling servant; and Mr. George F. Rowe, as Andrew Jackson Slingsby, "a man from Texas," certainly fails to favour his audience with a superabundance of the humour which we find in "Texas Sittings." The only one among the male performers who seems to be quite well suited with his part is Mr. Harry Nicholls, who, as Hassan, "Sheik of the Eunuchs," exhibits a surprisingly good portrait of the suppleness and rascality of a low class Oriental. Mr. Augustus Harris himself as Ernest Gascoigne, commander of H.M. despatch boat Arrow, who is always rescuing somebody, or being rescued by somebody, from imminent death, who in turns liberates caravans of slaves, and is himself taken prisoner by "Egyptian Colonels" and slave-traders, works as hard as a whole team of carthorses; but, albeit he is the hero of the piece, "he is not in it." The ladies are very good, especially Miss Sophie Eyre as Suleima, the ill-used and revengeful wife of Araf Bey, who eventually kills her wicked husband, slaying herself afterwards. Miss Sophie Eyre is, in reality, a tragic actress of high acquirements; but the part which she takes in a rambling and disjointed play enables her only to give obscure and fragmentary proofs of the power which she possesses. Constance Loring, the beloved of the wicked Araf, and the affianced bride of Ernest Gascoigne, is charmingly played by Miss Bromley; but we do not see enough of her; while the *raison d'être* of that experienced actress, Miss A. Victor, as Lady Betty Piper and aristocratic "globe trotter," and her sparkling but superfluous daughter Amaranthe, played with much archness by Miss Fanny Enson, I fail to see. That excellent actress Miss Lydia Foote as Zaydee, a Cretan slave girl, has scarcely anything to do, save to utter a series of appalling yells when her "chylid" (most pathetically played by a clever little girl named Rose Baldwin) is threatened with the formidable cowhide of the brutal slave-trader Sadyk, whom Mr. Henry George makes an Egyptian Legree of deepest dye in the way of cruelty and savagery. All the characters, down to the most insignificant ones, in "Freedom," were capably, honestly, and efficiently played. It is only a pity that such excellent work should have been thrown away on what is, in the main, very poor stuff.

The scenery in "Freedom" is so admirable, the spectacular features are so splendid, and the stage-management is so good that the piece, judged on these merits, deserves a lengthened career of prosperity. It is not by any means unsuceptible of amendment, dramatically. It should be considerably shortened, and should be made to play more closely, and the "comic" business between Mr. Slingsby, Jacob Blompet, and Hassan should be as far as possible excised. One does not care for the humours of Boxing Night in the month of August.

Mrs. Langtry was in the stalls on the first night of "Freedom." The charming lady was one of the two hundred and sixty-two saloon passengers who have arrived per the steamship Alaska, from New York. The *New York Herald* has a long and enthusiastic account of the departure of "The Jersey Lily" from the Empire City. The ship was to steam out of dock at half-past seven in the morning; and as early as six o'clock groups of people had gathered on the wharf, eagerly asking "Has Mrs. Langtry arrived yet?" The Lily was late. But the evergreen Mr. Dion Boucicault was to the fore, or rather he was standing "at the head of the companion way," and, in reply to a *Herald* reporter, he said, "Well, she will be here all right. I was present at a little farewell dinner given to her last night. It was very late before we parted, and she is no doubt tired; but she'll be here." Meanwhile bouquets and floral devices in abundance were awaiting, on the saloon-table, the tardy Lily. Suddenly there was a cry of "Here she comes!" A carriage came at high speed up the dock; the crowd parted, the carriage drew up at the gangway-plank, and out stepped Mrs. Langtry and her maid. Mrs. Langtry walked rapidly up the plank and was met on deck by Mr. Guion of the Williams and Guion Steam-Ship Company. "You are late, Mrs. Langtry," he said; "but I held the ship for you!" The days of Chivalry, then, are not fled. What was the Pilot that weathered the Storm? to the Shipowner who "held the ship" for Beauty? The fair dame, according to the *N. Y. H.*, "wore a becoming English walking-dress and a 'Langtry' turban." What is a "Langtry turban"?

Residents in Islington, Pentonville, Barnsbury-road, and in and around the Pickwickian Goswell-road have now a good excuse for "doing the Grand." An exceedingly handsome, commodious, and safe playhouse has been erected, from the tasteful and able designs of Mr. Frank Masham, on the site of the Philharmonic Theatre, which used to draw the young "mashers" of about a dozen years ago to admire the singing of Madame Seldene and the astounding gyrations of Middle Sara, in "Geneviève de Brabant," but which subsequently dropped out of fashion, and going the way of all places of amusement, was destroyed by fire. Well ventilated, chastely decorated, and comfortable into the bargain, the Grand has not a superior in London. The new theatre was opened on Saturday last, under the management of MM. Clarence Holt and Wilmoth, the chief attraction being a sensational drama, of London life mostly, entitled "The Bright Future," written by Mr. Sefton Parry. There are lively and attractive tableaux of the Thames Embankment (on which a real cab, with a live horse and driver, is driven, amid the frantic applause and shrill whistles of the delighted "gods"); the deck of an Atlantic steamer, from which a passenger tumbles overboard; and a Thames wharf, near London-bridge, where the sensation struggle takes place on the brink of the river, villainy is unmasked, and the right triumphs in the good old-fashioned way common to melodrama. "The Bright Future" (which is decidedly well acted, particularly by Miss Lydia Cowell and Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Helen Massey, Mr. R. Lyons, Mr. R. Carleton, Mr. T. H. Balfour, Mr. F. Stephenson, and Mr. V. Liston) will shortly be followed by fresh dramatic fare. The new lessees are right in inaugurating their enterprise with a frequently changed bill-of-the-play, the first of which, by the way, is rather scanty for sixpence. Why not adopt at the Grand the liberal plan set on foot by Mr. John Hollingshead at the Gaiety, and hand each member of the audience a play-bill gratis?

G. A. S.

The growing value of telegraphy to the world was eloquently pointed out on the 3rd inst. at a dinner given to a distinguished representative of the widespread telegraph system of the United States, Dr. Norvin Green, at the Star and Garter, Richmond. The chairman (Mr. John Pender, M.P.) and the Directors of the Eastern and Eastern Extension Telegraph Companies were the hosts. Mr. Pender was in the chair; and among the numerous company were Lord Bury, Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., Sir Charles Forster, M.P., Sir J. M'Garel Hogg, M.P., Sir James Anderson, and many other men of mark. Dr. Norvin Green was warmly cheered for his interesting speech explanatory of the electric telegraph service of America; and both he and Lord Bury bore witness to the invaluable impulse given by Mr. Pender, M.P., to ocean telegraphy, his Lordship especially dwelling on the great satisfaction he experienced as Under-Secretary for War when he first heard that Mr. Pender's energy had procured for England the boon of telegraphic communication with the Cape.

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

London music is now chiefly sustained by the concerts which commenced at Covent Garden Theatre last Saturday evening, and will be continued for some weeks to come. The series just begun is under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas, Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe being, as on former occasions, the conductor, and Mr. Carrodus again the solo violinist and leader of the orchestra, which comprises about one hundred skilled instrumentalists. The stage portion of the building, behind the orchestral platform, has been fitted up to represent a Chinese pavilion, skilfully painted by Mr. A. Calcott. As heretofore, the Floral Hall adjoining the theatre is appropriated as a smoking-lounge, tastefully decorated—it and the theatre being brilliantly illuminated by the electric light on the Jablochkoff system. The opening concert comprised effective orchestral performances of the overtures to "La Gazza Ladra" and "Zampa" the Ballet music from Delibes' "Sylvia," selections from "Tannhäuser" and English national melodies, and a spirited new waltz, "In the Moonlight," by Mr. Crowe. Among other features of the instrumental selection were solo pieces, skilfully performed by Mr. Radcliff (flute) and Mr. Howard Reynolds (cornet).

The vocal programme was also of an attractive nature. Madame Rose Hersee gave an effective rendering of the soprano scena from "Der Freischütz," and was encored in "Home, sweet home," as was Madame Enriquez in the ballad "Robin Adair," her other solo having been a novelty entitled "A song without words," by Mr. Roeckel. Mr. Maas, in Leslie's "Annabella Lee" and Brahms' "The Anchor's Weighed" (encored), and Mr. Maybrick, in Pissuti's "I fear no foe" and S. Adams's "The Midshipmite," contributed greatly to the attractions of the evening. A constant change of programme and of vocal and instrumental soloists, and the special "classical nights" in each week, will probably ensure a continuance of the success which attended the opening concert of the series.

The popular Saturday evening concerts at the Crystal Palace opened well last week with some effective orchestral performances by the company's band—occasionally reinforced by the military band of the establishment—and vocal pieces contributed by Miss Orridge and Mr. Pierpoint; Mr. Manns being the conductor. The programme comprised a judicious mixture of the classical and the popular styles, and the concerts, so organised, can scarcely fail to prove largely attractive to local audiences.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Agnes of the Sea," cantata, composed by Louis Liebe (Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.). This work is for two characters, Gertrude (soprano) and Bertha (alto), with female chorus of fisher-maidens, mermaids, and good spirits. The poem is founded on a Norse legend, and the music is written in a pleasing and melodious style, and is very suitable for drawing-room use. "Songs of the Pyrenees"—also published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.—comprise nine melodies, for voice with pianoforte accompaniment, Spanish, French, and English words. There is much quaint character in these adaptations from traditional Pyrenean melodies.

Messrs. Metzler and Co. have issued a volume of melodies, for voice and piano, the English words of most of which are by Theo. Marzials, several from Victor Hugo, and others from Racine, Theophile Gautier, and Racan; the remaining pieces being from Remy Belleau and Alfred de Musset, by W. Hardinge; and Béranger, by John Oxenford. The French and English text are both given. Mr. Thomas's music has much melodic grace, and a distinct characterisation in each instance. The pieces are indeed worthy of the composer of the opera of "Esmeralda," successfully produced at Drury Lane Theatre by Mr. Carl Rosa's company last March, as recorded by us.

Messrs. Enoch and Sons have issued some agreeable vocal music, among which may be specified, "Once, only once," song, by Cotsford Dick; "No, thank you, Tom," a characteristic song, by J. L. Roeckel; "Sour Grapes," and "Five o'Clock Tea," piquant songs, by H. Pontet.

Messrs. Ricordi have published, separately, some of the favourite pieces in the successful opera "La Gioconda," recently produced here by the Royal Italian Opera Company. The Romance of La Cieca in the first act, Barnaba's "barcarolle," and the duet for Gioconda and Laura in the second act, and Gioconda's aria in the fourth act, are to be had with English words. The publishers have also brought out arrangements of the opera for the pianoforte—solo and duet.

"Over the Water" and "No Name" are the titles of two humorous songs, published by Messrs. Willcocks and Co. The music and the words are bright and lively, both being by the late Henry S. Leigh, and the pieces possess a special interest as being among the latest productions of the humourist whose premature decease was so widely regretted. "Mailed" (from the same publishers) is composed by F. Gumbert, and is given with the original German words and an English version by H. S. Leigh.

"A Real Hero," a descriptive song in the declamatory style by Florian Pascal: "Our Sailors true," a song of the robust English school by E. Belville, and "Cloister Voices," an expressive song (with ad libitum organ accompaniment), by H. T. Bywater, are published by Mr. J. Williams; as are "A Rustic Dance," from Florian Pascal's comic opera, "Cymbia"; and a "Transcription," by G. Buhl, from Offenbach's "Lurette."

"Love's Messenger," "Love's Memories," and "The Captive Bird," songs, are among the popular pieces in "The Merry Duchess," the comic opera written by Mr. G. R. Sims and composed by Mr. F. Clay, and recently produced with success at the Royalty Theatre. They are published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., from whom also we have quadrilles and a waltz adapted from the same source by C. Coote. A cleverly-written "Suite," by E. Shute, and a characteristic "Caprice-Gavotte," by L. Gregh (both for pianoforte solo), are likewise published by Messrs. Cocks and Co., as is "Undine's Farewell," a pleasing romance for the pianoforte by J. L. Roeckel.

The Portrait of Captain Webb, the ill-fated Prince of Swimmers, published by us a fortnight ago, was from a photograph by Mr. Fradelle, of Regent-street.

The twentieth annual competition amongst Artillery Volunteers under camp at Shoeburyness began on Monday with the shell-competition with the 64-pounder muzzle-loader gun, for which there were four prizes, of the total value of £90. The meeting was numerously attended.

The steam-ship Roma, Captain Mann, left Plymouth for Queensland on the 1st inst., having on board 344 adults—viz., 150 families, 90 single women, and 104 single men; and on the same day the Agent-General dispatched by the steam-ship Durban, sailing from Southampton, 66 emigrants for the Cape. The Hampshire, Captain Mathias, sailed for Rockhampton from Plymouth last Saturday morning, having on board 125 single men, 60 single women, and 202 families.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Cowes week has succeeded the Goodwood meeting; we are on the eve of the Twelfth, and yet only the loom of the prorogation is in sight. The Legislature numbers sportsmen enthusiastic and devoted enough, however, to rise with the lark for a shot at the grouse on Monday morning next, and still to be in town in time for Parliamentary duties in the evening.

Earl Granville was to be seen at his airiest and best in the Lords at the beginning of the week. Answering the few Tupperian remarks addressed to him in regard to the project for a second Suez Canal by the profoundly philosophic Lord Stratheden and Campbell (who vouchsafed the opinion that the withdrawal from office of Mr. Gladstone would be a panacea for Eastern troubles), the Foreign Secretary blandly intimated his disbelief that the resignation of the Prime Minister would put an end to the political evils of the world. Turning to the Marquis of Salisbury, who somewhat unaccountably asked him whether he intended to make any further statement respecting the Suez question, Lord Granville promptly said such was not his intention, but added, "if the noble Marquis wishes to raise a discussion, I am perfectly prepared to meet him." This challenge was not accepted, it need hardly be stated. To the regret of Lord Brabourne (converted by his elevation to the Peerage into an irreconcilable), the Railway Passenger Duty Bill was on Monday read a second time. In these unhealthy and alarming times, Lord Forbes rendered a service to the public by offering suggestions for the improvement of drainage—suggestions which Lord Thurlow promised should be taken note of. Not simply pigeon-holed, it is to be hoped.

The Duke of Richmond, as befitted one of our foremost agriculturists, took a leading part on Tuesday in the discussion of the Agricultural Holdings (Compensation for Improvements) Bill, which was brought in by the Government, as Lord Carlingford explained, to render more efficacious the Act of 1875 by simply making its action compulsory. The Earl of Wemyss, commendably patriotic in organising the Volunteer movement to defend his native land against any possible invader, shows almost as bold a front to the tenant-farmer who dares to think he has a rational right to the fruits of his skill, industry, and enterprise. Accordingly, the noble Earl moved an amendment, the substance whereof was that the House "is not prepared to give its sanction to a bill which, in agricultural tenancies, forbids free contract in the future and breaks it in the past, thus destroying the foundation upon which alone agriculture, trade, and commerce can securely rest." Lively as of old was Lord Wemyss, who spared not the Irish legislation of the Ministry, nor altogether withheld the rod from the late Administration. Referring, for example, to the Richmond Commission, his Lordship fell into anecdote. He said a friend of his called on the late Lord Beaconsfield and informed him that the Commission had declared against any arbitrary increase of rent. Whereupon, the late Earl exclaimed, "By G—! if they have done that, then the Government can carry any land bill they choose." This called up the Duke of Richmond, with the remark that, as a matter of fact, the report was laid in the usual way before Lord Beaconsfield, and published with his sanction and approval. As for the measure before their Lordships, his Grace agreed in the main with the arguments of the Duke of Argyll, and was in favour of accepting the principle of the bill, while desiring to amend it in Committee. It was to be noted that, while the Earl of Suffolk favoured the bill and the Earl of Carnarvon offered some practical criticisms, Lord Bramwell brought his forcible logic to bear in stanch defence of the sacredness of a free contract. The Earl of Kimberley's platitudes gave way to the clearly-enunciated sentences of the Marquis of Salisbury, who defended Lord Wemyss's independence, and condemned the Ministerial proposition with faint praise. By a majority of 46 was the amendment defeated—55 against 9.

Nothing like the near approach of the recess to promote the avoidance of unwelcome discussions in the Lower House! There was a case in point at the evening sitting on Friday week. Well posted in his subject, "coached," possibly by Lord Lytton (but certainly not by Mr. Walter Wren in this connection) to respond to Mr. Bright's earnest defence of the Ilbert Bill and of Lord Ripon's municipal reforms in India, and armed with voluminous papers, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett came down to the House prepared in his most tragic manner to arraign the Viceroy for his policy of conciliation. But there was a "count out." This collapse made the hon. member for Eye wroth with the Government at the Saturday sitting. But, if a debate is to be raised on the Ilbert Bill, perhaps Mr. Stanhope would be the most legitimate representative of the Opposition on this vexed question. An exceptional amount of legislative business was transacted on Saturday. While the Prime Minister was speeding to Osborne, Sir William Harcourt had a lively time of it as temporary leader of the House. Yet the Irish Voters Registration Bill was passed; the new Local Government Bill for providing Scotland with a Minister of State was read a second time, after an animated attack by Sir H. Drummond-Wolff on the alleged Ministerial favouritism of Lord Rosebery and an energetic reply by the Home Secretary; the Scottish Agricultural Holdings Bill was read the third time; the Irish Union Officers' Superannuation Bill was read the second time, as was Sir Charles Dilke's timely Cholera Prevention Bill for London; the Patents Bill was read the third time; and the House, moreover, formally went into Committee successively on the Irish Labourers Bill, the Bill against Payment of Wages in Public-Houses, and the Pigeon-Shooting Bill. Not for many a long day, indeed, has so much business been got through.

At the commencement of the Session it will be remembered that, while the Marquis of Hartington rather sanguinely named "six months" as the probable period for the retention of British troops in Egypt, Lord Granville more cautiously refrained from pinning himself to any definite term. Interrogated on the same knotty point last Monday by Mr. John Morley, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Bourke, Mr. Gladstone followed the wary example of the Foreign Secretary, and reaffirmed that our troops would remain in Egypt till the work of reorganising the Government (delayed by the deplorable outbreak of cholera) had been completed. What remains to be done in this direction the Premier explained on Tuesday by reading a memorandum Lord Dufferin had furnished him with. With surprising but welcome brevity, Mr. Gladstone informed us, on the authority of the noble Lord, that in Egypt the new Army was almost constituted; the Constabulary proper is reorganised, but there is still a good deal to be done for the Police force; a fair body of Judges has been secured; the electorate of the new legislative bodies has been formed; Mr. Moncrieff's plan for the irrigation of the Delta is favourably regarded; and a plan has been devised for the taxation of foreigners. These heads clearly indicate the comprehensiveness of the reforms now being initiated in Egypt under the auspices of England.

The debate on the Transvaal on Monday had one satisfactory issue. Mr. Gorst, in Committee of Supply, did not wholly

in vain move the reduction of the first vote by £2320 (the cost of our Resident in Boerland). The hon. and learned member brought his clear insight into South African affairs to bear once more upon the faulty working of the Convention with the Boers; and gave Mr. Forster another opportunity of rising as champion of the Bechuana chiefs, who suffer from the predations of the Boers. Neither the Prime Minister nor Mr. Ashley could agree with Mr. Gorst that the Convention was worse than useless. But both Mr. Gorst and Mr. Forster may have been in a measure reassured by Mr. Gladstone's emphatic statement that the Government were keenly alive to the claims of the native tribes on England for protection. The Transvaal amendment having been negatived, Mr. Dawney, under cover of a motion aimed at the salary of the British Resident in Zululand, censured the Government for the restoration of Cetewayo. He was supported by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whom Mr. Gladstone incisively answered by imputing to the prime authors of the Zulu War all blame for what had happened in Zululand. In the end, the amendment was withdrawn, but not before Sir Henry Holland joined Sir Wilfrid Lawson in censuring the Government for the manner in which the late Zulu King had been reinstated.

Mr. Childers has been successful with the opening movement of his act of legerdemain for cancelling £173,300,000 of the National Debt at the expiration of twenty years. On Tuesday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer secured the second reading of the Ministerial measure, the object of which is to substitute for the Terminable Annuities falling in 1885 new Annuities which he cited. Though the right hon. gentleman had the high support of the Prime Minister and a good majority—149 against 95—it may be hoped that the pleas put in for the overburdened taxpayers of the present day by Mr. Mitchell Henry (who moved the adverse amendment on which the division was taken), Mr. Anderson, Mr. W. H. Smith, and others will be borne in mind by Mr. Childers when he is considering next year's Budget.

Colours were on Wednesday given to the report of Cetewayo being still alive by the telegram Mr. Ashley read. The Corrupt Practices Bill as amended was then considered.

THE COURT.

The Royal family circle has been joined at Osborne by the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his daughters, Princesses Victoria and Irene; Princess Elizabeth of Hesse having been for some weeks past with her Majesty. The little Princess Alice of Albany is also at Osborne with the Queen during the absence of her parents, who left for Bremen yesterday week from Southampton Water in the German steam-ship Werra, Captain Barre, en route for Waldeck, on a visit to the Duchess of Albany's parents. The Premier and Mrs. Gladstone and the Hon. and Rev. F. Byng came for a three-days' visit last Saturday; the Rev. F. Byng officiating at Divine service on Sunday, the Queen, with the Royal family and her guests, attending. Monday was the thirty-ninth anniversary of the Duke of Edinburgh's birth, which was duly honoured at Cowes, Windsor, and the metropolis. This was also the Marquis of Lorne's birthday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught arrived at Osborne for the regatta week. The members of the Royal family have been afloat every day. Major-General Sir Gerald Graham, and Lieut.-Colonel Stockwell, Seaforth Highlanders, have been among her Majesty's dinner guests. The Queen has telegraphed to the King of Italy expressing her sympathy with respect to the disaster at Ischia.

Princess Beatrice is expected to arrive at Osborne next Tuesday.

At the close of the Goodwood week the Prince of Wales went to Portsmouth, travelling by special train from Chichester, and dined with Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar and Countess Dornberg, Prince Louis of Battenberg being of the party. His Royal Highness passed the night on board the Osborne. The Princess of Wales (with her daughters, who had remained the race week at Marlborough House) arrived at Portsmouth on Saturday and crossed in the Osborne to Cowes; the Prince afterwards embarking in his yacht Aline, in which he has taken part in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta. On Monday the Prince presided at the annual meeting held at the Castle, Cowes, and afterwards at the dinner. The Prince and Princess are expected to return to town on Monday, and to leave the same evening for Homburg.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales arrived at Holkham last Saturday from Sandringham, on a visit to the Earl and Countess of Leicester. His Royal Highness took part in a lawn tennis tournament on Monday at Holkham Park in aid of the fund for restoring the church of Wells, which was fired by lightning during the great storm of 1879; and he has also joined in a cricket-match.

Her Majesty's corvette Canada, Captain F. Durrant, with Prince George of Wales on board, will leave Halifax next Wednesday for St. John's, Newfoundland.

Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince Adolphus of Teck, before leaving town visited the art potteries of Messrs. Doulton at Lambeth, inspecting the studios and workshops.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will arrive at Great Grimsby next Friday, for the inaugurating there of the people's park. After lunching at the Townhall, they proceed to Hainton Hall, where they will remain the guests of Mr. E. Heneage, M.P., and Lady Eleanor Heneage, until the following Monday, when they go to Norwich for the purpose of inaugurating the new buildings of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

The Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz returned to St. James's Palace from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot on Monday, and left on Tuesday to join their children at Westgate-on-Sea.

The Empress Eugénie, travelling as Countess of Pierrfonds, arrived at Carlsbad on Monday to take the waters.

A meeting of the Regent's Park Association was held last Saturday to consider the concessions made by Mr. Shaw Lefevre with regard to the inclosure within the park. About twenty acres will be opened. The meeting, however, expressed its dissatisfaction with the arrangements, and its opinion that all the grass land should be thrown open to the public.

Mr. Philip Beresford-Hope, eldest son of the Right Hon. Alexander J. Beresford-Hope, M.P., and the late lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, and Miss Evelyn Frost, fourth daughter of General Frost, of St. Louis, U.S.A., were married in St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street, on Thursday week.—On the same day the marriage of the Rev. Canon Eliot, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Bournemouth, and the Hon. Mary Emma Pitt, fifth daughter of the late Lord and Lady Rivers, of Rushmore Lodge, was solemnised at the parish church, Steepleton, Dorset. The wedding presents were exceedingly numerous and costly, and comprised a shawl and enamel locket containing portrait and hair from the Queen, bracelet with sapphire and diamond centre from Princess Beatrice, and fan from Princess Elizabeth of Hesse.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN ISCHIA, BAY OF NAPLES.

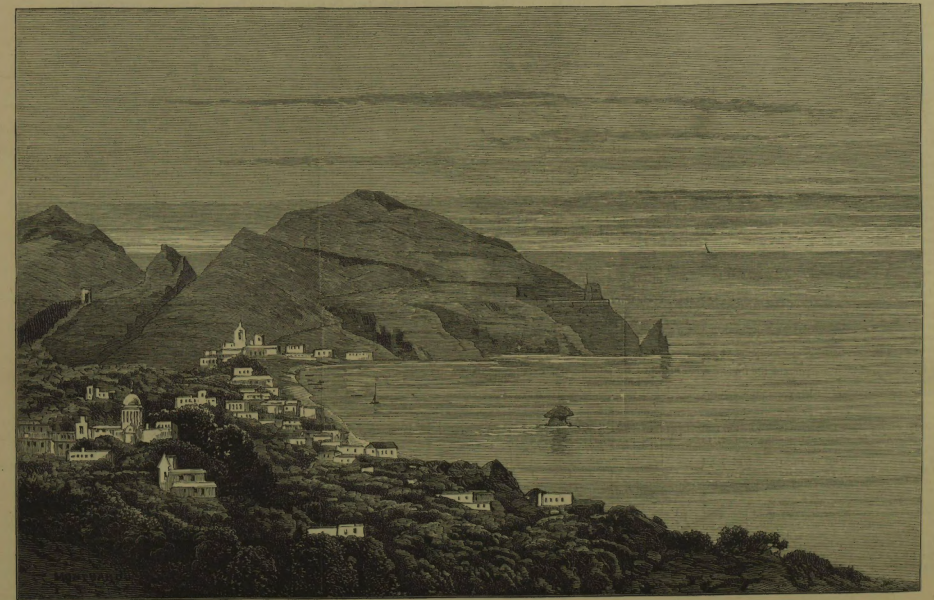


1. Hotel Grande Sentinella. 2. Hotel Bellevue. 3. New More's Villa. 4. Extinct Crater. 5. Monte Rotaro. 6. Vesuvius. 7. Island of Procida.

CASAMICCIOLA, FROM THE UPPER ROAD TO TORIO.—FROM SKETCHES BY MRS. DON MARSHALL.



CASAMICCIOLA, FROM THE SEA.



LACCO, FROM THE HOTEL BELLEVUE.

ROUND ABOUT PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Boissise-la-Bertrand (Seine et Marne), Aug. 6.
At Paris everything is at an end; Parliament has finished its labours; the Municipal Council has adjourned for the holidays, after having appointed a hygienic committee to take the necessary measures for securing the city against cholera; the collegians have received their gilt-edged and gorgeously tooled prize books, while the successful pupils of the Conservatoire, skilful in tragic declamation, comic force, or instrumental tooting and scraping, have bound their triumphant brows with paper laurels, to the delight of their friends and relatives. Parliament, it is true, has left the journalists a vague topic of discussion known as the Boland incident. This M. Boland is a Belgian, who declares that he gave a sum of 16,000*fr.* to two deputies as a bribe or *pot de vin*; but M. Boland refuses to name the deputies in question, so that the scandal does not proceed very actively. In short, the sources of gazetteering inspiration being dried up and Paris being delivered over to heat, unpleasing smells, and hordes of strangely attired cosmopolitan visitors, I have gladly fled to a little nest on the banks of the Seine buried in trees, with a forest on the opposite bank of the river and vineyards sloping up the hill at the back, a veritable Castle of Indolence. Here the rumour of mundane toil and moi arrives, much deadened in intensity, by the hands of a country postman, only about noon; but this worthy functionary's visit excites little attention. The two hundred inhabitants of the village hold next to no communication with the outer world. Most of them are peasant proprietors, who grow their own wine, their own hay, their own oats, and even their own bit of wheat. Thrifty and independent, they are up at daybreak when the *angelus* sounds at the village church, and man and wife go off to their lots, working equally like honest yokefellows. Nay, often the women are the hardest workers; for besides cow-minding, vine-trimming, haymaking, harvesting, and even ploughing, the women find time to mind their houses and cook the dinner. One of the great occupations of the village women seems to be washing. You constantly see them at the riverside kneeling in a straw-padded box, each one with her brush, her beater, and her little four-legged stool planted at the water's edge, rubbing and patting her linen, and swilling it in the running stream, to the great wonderment of the little fishes, who gather in gaping and sparkling groups to watch the operation.

This year a considerable event has happened here. The Château has changed hands, and the new tenant is an elegant and amiable lady, who takes milk baths, and sleeps in sheets bordered with lace half a yard wide. Madame Joigny, who in her younger days was *blanchisseuse* at Paris, has been charged with the washing of this precious linen, and when it is hung out to dry on the river bank all the village turns out to admire it. For the moment the villagers talk about nothing but the wonders of the Château when they are not talking about the crops or the new curé that is to come next week. Without any desire to represent this village as an earthly paradise, I must say that nobody remembers to have heard of a robbery being committed here, and you never hear bad language. The peasant, you see, being a proprietor and a citizen, with a stake in the fortunes of the country, is a self-respecting person, and a rather intelligent person too, as you will see when you begin to talk to him. He is polite, but by no means servile, and he salutes and talks to you, *bourgeois* or *châtelain*, with the same ease and confidence that he talks to his neighbour Durand the carpenter, or Barbe the mason.

Amongst the thousand things to be noticed in the life of this little village I select one especially, the relations of the young folk, because the received idea amongst folk who do not know France is that French marriages are always business affairs arranged between the parents, and that the young folk do not know each other. Here, at any rate, and in not a few other French villages that I have observed, you have only to open your eyes to see an amount of flirtation enough to delight any fair British adept in that art. Indeed, an hour or so every evening, and half the day on Sunday is passed by the younger part of the inhabitants of this village in out-and-out flirtation. Last night there was a game of blind man's buff on the village green which, for soft background, pretty colour, and grace of movement, would have charmed Fragonard or Watteau and have inspired the indolent Thomson. T. C.

The German Emperor left Gastein on Tuesday, and travelled by coach to Lend, where he was met by Prince Reuss, who went with him by special train to Salzburg. The Emperor arrived at Ischl on Tuesday at noon, accompanied by the Emperor of Austria, who went to meet him at Ebensee, where very cordial greetings were exchanged between the two Sovereigns. At Ischl railway station their Majesties were received by the Empress of Austria.

A revolt of some eight hundred Spanish soldiers at Badajoz, with *vivas* for a Republic, has been short-lived. The authorities dispatched a strong force to the scene of the disturbance, the rebels fled to Portugal, and on the frontier were disarmed by the Portuguese troops.

The Judges who have been engaged for so long a time hearing a charge against fifteen Hungarian Jews of having been concerned in the murder of a girl named Esther Soly-mossy, at Tisza Eszlar, have acquitted and discharged all the prisoners, the State being ordered to pay all the costs.

President Arthur and the party which is accompanying him on his visit to Yellowstone Park went by train as far as Green River Station on the Union Pacific Railway, and proceeded thence in carriages to Yellowstone.—The Kentucky election has resulted in the return of J. Proctor Knott, Democrat, as Governor, by a large majority.—A seat on the New York Stock Exchange yesterday week fetched 25,000 *dols.* The lock-out of the cigar-makers at New York has ended in a compromise, and 15,000 workmen have returned to work.

The forthcoming Dominion Centennial Exhibition at St. John, New Brunswick, promises to be a great success, entries having already been received from all parts of the Dominion and from the United States.

The Basutoland Disannexation Bill has passed through the Cape Parliament.

A telegram has been received from Africa by the son of the late Bishop of Natal stating that Cetewayo is still living, and the British agent has also telegraphed the same rumour, to which, however, he does not attach much credit.

A despatch has been drawn up at the request of Lord Derby, by the Agents-General of Victoria, New South Wales, New Zealand, and Queensland, embodying the views of the Governments of those colonies upon the proposed annexations in the Pacific.—On the arrival of the steamer *Pathan* at Melbourne from Adelaide three of her passengers were identified as Michael Kavanagh, Joseph Smith, and Joseph Hanlon, who appeared as witnesses in the Phoenix Park trial. The authorities refused to permit these men to land.

Tu Duc, the King of Annam, died on the 20th ultimo, at Hué, and his nephew, Phu-Duc-Nai, succeeds to the An-namite throne.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.

We present some additional Views of Casamicciola and other places in the Island of Ischia, the scenes of the tremendous calamity on Saturday, the 28th ult. Two Illustrations were given in our last, since which further accounts have been received, which do not at all lessen the extent of the disaster. The total loss of life cannot be precisely ascertained, but it is between four and five thousand souls. It is stated by Professor Stefano de Rossi, of Rome, who has thoroughly studied the phenomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, that Casamicciola, on the north coast of the little island, is situated at the point where two geological fractures of the Ischian volcano intersect each other. The one is in a line from south to north, and the villages of Barano, Serrara, Fontana, and Lacco Ameno, with the town of Casamicciola, stood directly over this line. The second line of fracture, marking the division between the primitive submarine crater and that of Mount Epomeo, which opened at a later period, runs in a somewhat curved line from east to west; and upon this line stood the village of Forio, the town of Casamicciola, just where this line crosses the other line of fracture, and the valley containing all the mineral springs and baths. At the point of intersection, beneath Casamicciola, some volcanic process must have suddenly taken place which caused the earth to subside; and the "seismic waves," or currents of disturbance in the earth, followed the direction of the two lines—from north to south and from east to west. This earthquake seems to have been produced in the same manner, and at precisely the same point, as the earthquake of March 4, 1881, and the earthquake of 1828. It was preceded, on this occasion, by the appearance of two small "fumaroli," or apertures emitting smoke, which ought to have been taken as a warning. The scientific men in the Observatory at Rome, a fortnight before, perceived by their instruments some indications that an earthquake was imminent near the coasts of Southern Italy, but they could not tell that it would be in the Bay of Naples.

The state of ruin to which Casamicciola was reduced by a shock continuing only for a quarter of a minute is beyond conception; all the great guns of all the navies in the world, if they had cannonaded and bombarded the town for a week, could not have wrought such complete havoc. Most of the houses in the streets, and of the neighbouring villas, have become mere heaps or mounds of rubbish, with projecting wooden beams, pieces of flooring and doors, and legs of tables, chairs, or beds sticking out of the mass of building stuff. But here and there are still standing erect the corners of houses, which happened to be so placed that they could, at the juncture of two walls, resist the force of the horizontal earth-movement, while the side walls fell before it. The street pavements have disappeared entirely, and the ground is rent with deep fissures or cracks, several inches wide; in steep places there have been landslips, bringing down large trees, and the roads and paths on the hillsides are almost effaced from view.

The numerous visitors to Casamicciola, Italians, English, and others, who have lost their lives by this disaster, were in the principal hotels at the time, half-past nine in the evening; more than a hundred were assembled at the amateur concert in the saloon of the Piccola Sentinella, also called the Grand Hotel des Etrangers. This hotel belonged to Signor Dombre, the Syndic or Mayor of the town, whose wife was an English-woman. Among the English visitors killed by its fall were Mrs. Struve, a lady from Wales, and her son, Mr. Arthur Llewellyn Struve, who was playing the piano at the moment; Mr. John Philip Green, a retired Judge of the High Court of Bombay; Mrs. Robertson, with her son and daughter; Mrs. Gall, of Dundee, and a boy of thirteen, the youngest son of the Rev. Mr. Barff, British Chaplain at Naples. Mrs. Green and her son, Colonel Mackenzie, Dr. Stodart, Mr. and Mrs. Barff, with one boy and their little girl, were saved unhurt, and Miss Van Allan, of San Francisco, was got out with a limb fractured. The list of Neapolitan and Roman visitors, some belonging to rich and noble families, who have perished in the ruins, is very much greater; there are two German artists, besides, and a German family of seven persons.

The work of clearing away the ruins, and digging out the dead, rescuing happily some yet alive, was energetically carried on, during several days last week, under the personal direction of Signor Genara, the Italian Minister of Public Works; and King Humbert was there on the Wednesday, clambering over the heaps of stones, and fearlessly passing beneath the tottering walls, at the head of a party of officers and engineers, busily occupied in the search. Willing assistance was given by many of the visitors, among whom Mr. Louis Nesbit, an Englishman, distinguished himself by saving more than one life, while at Forio Mr. James Robins and Miss Bagge, and others at Casamicciola, besides several medical gentlemen, rendered useful aid. Two Italian youths were liberated after lying four days and five nights entangled among fallen beams in a cellar, but with some fruit and drink within reach; one babe of sixteen months was found unhurt, after being buried in heaps of rubbish during twenty hours. There are several hundred in the hospitals at Ischia and Naples. Another shock of earthquake was felt yesterday week, and three houses at Forio were overthrown, but no lives were lost.

We are indebted to Mrs. Don Marshall for some of the Sketches engraved, which were taken by that lady about two months ago.

To testify his appreciation of the educational work being done in the east of London by the East London Union for Advanced Education (Evening Classes), the Duke of Albany has, upon the application of the Rev. John Fenwick Kitto, M.A., Rector of Stepney, chairman of the committee, consented to become the president.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE
NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.
Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 P.M.	Minimum, read at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
July 29	29.814	59.0	48.2	84	8	69.6	48.0	WSW.	191	0.045
30	29.884	59.3	54.0	84	8	67.4	53.1	SSW.	142	0.000
31	29.734	60.3	53.2	79	9	71.4	53.1	SW. W.	108	0.020
Aug. 1	30.036	59.6	47.2	66	8	66.7	54.1	WSW. WSW.	152	0.000
2	30.164	61.3	50.4	69	8	69.7	52.6	WSW. NW.	89	0.015
3	30.188	60.0	54.0	82	6	70.2	55.8	NW. W.	42	0.080
4	30.184	60.5	54.5	82	5	73.2	52.5	NW. SW.	80	0.025

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:—
Barometer (in inches) corrected .. 29.890 29.884 29.690 29.989 30.169 30.210 30.216
Temperature of Air .. 63.4 62.7 61.8 60.8 60.0 62.5 63.0
Temperature of Evaporation .. 63.1 62.4 61.4 60.4 59.6 62.2 62.9
Direction of Wind SW. SW. SW. W. WSW. NW. W.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

As we advance deeper into the holiday season the volume of business in the Stock Exchange tends to undergo a more marked contraction. The "House" is very empty, and the dealers who continue to attend stand about in the markets in a listless, spiritless attitude, doing a little speculation among themselves, but entering in their books few bargains in which the outside public are interested. Hence prices move very little in the course of each day. Such being the position, it might seem that the moment is eminently favourable for making one of those successful "bear" *coups* that occasionally startle the markets. It is, however, fortunate that the very circumstances which at first sight would seem to constitute such an opportunity are in fact fatal to operations of the kind, for the reason that the prevailing languor and absence of real business make it impossible to find a "counter-party" for any really extensive transaction. Prices can be lowered by merely offering stock without any actual business being done; but the reverse operation is equally easy of execution, and an individual bent upon breaking a particular market has to allow for this fact in his calculation. The markets are now so narrow that a speculator's "book" is more easily understood by others than in ordinary times; and, having once "got out" of stock—that is, having sold what he does not possess, on the chance of repurchasing it at a lower price and thus clearing a profit—he cannot be sure that when he desires to undo his sale, the price will not be run up against him so rapidly as not only to dissipate his nominal profit, but even to turn it into an actual loss. Hence the statement so frequently heard, in stagnant times like the present, that it is easier to "get out" of stock than to "get in" again; and hence, also, the comparative security enjoyed by investors in such periods of quietude.

To some extent, doubtless, may be attributed the comparatively small effect produced on Grand Trunk of Canada stocks by a recently-issued "bear" pamphlet, notwithstanding its having been supplemented by the announcement of Sir Henry Tyler's intended visit to Canada prior to the date of the half-yearly meeting. It was sought to make capital out of the latter circumstance by the propagation of a rumour that the chairman's journey was undertaken for the purpose of familiarising himself with certain matters connected with the company's financial position, which are to form the groundwork of a vigorous attack when the shareholders are called together. It is, of course, impossible to gauge the amount of truth there may be in this rumour. It will be remembered that a somewhat similar report was assiduously circulated in connection with the half-yearly meeting of the Brighton Railway Company. It was said that the past financial policy of the directors of the latter undertaking would be gone into with an elaboration that would lay bare an extremely rotten state of things. The price of the "A" stock was, in consequence, driven down several per cent; but as the time of meeting drew near, so did the report alluded to die away. The "bears" had taken their profits, the stock recovered, and the meeting passed off without the promised exposure being made. It is not unlikely that much the same set of experiences will be repeated in the case of the Grand Trunk of Canada Company. While on this subject it may, however, be said that at the same time that there is no prospect of a dividend being paid for the past half year on the Third Preference out of earnings, it is by no means certain that the company will be able to distribute a full dividend on the Second Preferences. Indeed, the prices of those Stocks indicate that a similar view is widely entertained; and, in the event of its being verified, it might very well turn out that this disappointing, though not unfavourable, result had been fully discounted by speculators.

According to a Reuter's telegram, dated Alexandria, July 3, the amount encashed by the Treasurer of the public Debt was, for the Unified Debt £1,165,000, and for the Privileged Debt £172,000. To the end of June the corresponding figures were £724,000 and £80,000, respectively, so that during the past month £441,000 was collected for the Unified Debt and £92,000 for the Privileged Debt. So far, then, the dividend on the Preference Stock is fully provided for, and there is only a deficiency of £359,198 on the Unified Stock to be made up, although three months' revenue has yet to be gathered in. Comparing these results with the figures of a normal period, say to the end of July, 1881, there is a falling off to date of £245,000. This may be taken in confirmation of the statement made by Mr. Gladstone on Monday night, that the ravages of the cholera and the disorganisation it has introduced into the business of the country has interfered with the collection of the revenue. The falling off is, however, by no means serious, as much of it must represent arrears, that will be made up when affairs return into their old channel. This temporary retrogression in the collection of the taxes is, however, more than compensated by the announcement made by the Premier that the Government have no intention of withdrawing the British troops from the country until such time as affairs shall have been placed upon a stable basis, and the Egyptians can stand alone and work the new constitutional machinery we have set up for them. That time is, the Bondholders may be assured, some considerable way off, and it need, therefore, give them no further anxiety. T. S.

The Dundee Town Council on Tuesday resolved to confer the freedom of the burgh on the Earls of Rosebery, Camperdown, and Dalhousie, on the occasion of the opening of the Dundee University College, in October next. The honour is to be conferred in recognition of the fact that these noblemen have devoted their youth, talents, and influence to the advancement of their country.

At the resumed Wesleyan Conference in Hull on Tuesday week, the spiritual condition of the Connexion came under review, when cheering testimonies were borne by the ex-president and others. At noon an influential ministerial deputation, representing the Nonconformist churches in Hull and neighbourhood, visited the Conference, and presented an address of welcome. At the afternoon session a second connexional evangelist was appointed to labour under the direction of the Home Missionary Committee. Nearly the whole of the session was occupied with a discussion and revision of the stations of ministers for the ensuing Connexional year. It was agreed yesterday week to send a number of young ministers to New South Wales and Queensland, and the Rev. R. N. Young and the Rev. Dr. Moulton were appointed to attend a conference of the Methodist Church in America. The pastoral sessions closed about noon on Saturday last. A variety of miscellaneous business was rapidly gone through. The report of the Book Committee showed that the publishing house in London was in a flourishing condition. The lists of deputations for home and foreign missions were presented, and various official appointments were made. The representative session, consisting of 240 ministers and the same number of lay representatives, began on Monday last. Amongst other lay representatives there are five members of Parliament, seven mayors, and twenty-six magistrates.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

In spite of the illness that is so prevalent in many of the training stables just now, and the general disappointment that was felt at the absence of Barcalaine and Tristan from the Cup, the past Goodwood Meeting may fairly be put down as a decided success. The weather was far more favourable than usual, the few showers that fell doing little more than lay the dust, and the attendance, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, was as fashionable as ever. Tristan opened proceedings on the Thursday by walking over for the Singleton Stakes; but he would not even go through this simple performance without a good deal of coaxing and persuasion. We understand that this is his last appearance in this country, though he may run once or twice more abroad before retiring to the stud. A 10lb. penalty did not prevent Superba from adding the Rous Memorial Stakes to her roll of victories; Diametta, in receipt of 13 lb., was the only one that could get near her, for Harvester once more cut up very badly, and Legacy appears to have gone completely off. Notwithstanding the defections we have mentioned above, there were five runners for the Goodwood Cup, favouritism being pretty evenly divided between Border Minstrel and Corrie Roy; whilst Dutch Oven, though reported to be as well as she ever was in her life, had comparatively few friends. The American mare, Giroflé, who brought a great reputation across the Atlantic, and had a considerable pull in the weights, made the running at a good pace for nearly two miles, when she was done with, and, Wallenstein being beaten soon afterwards, the three that had been backed had the race to themselves. For a few strides, it looked as though a good struggle would ensue, but directly Fordham let out Border Minstrel he shot away, and won as he liked by a couple of lengths, Corrie Roy being less than half that distance in front of Dutch Oven. Even allowing that Corrie Roy may have felt the effect of her race for the Stakes, the performance on the part of the three-year-old was a remarkably fine one; and were Border Minstrel engaged in the Leger, we can safely say that Galliard would not now be favourite. The Wenlock—White Heather filly made a very successful début in the Prince of Wales's Stakes, in which Knight Errant had no chance with her; and then Ossian took some of the gilt off his two previous wins by suffering a head defeat from Blue Grass in the Racing Stakes.

The card on the last day was quite as strong as it had been on any of the other three, and most of the visitors remained until the close of the proceedings. It scarcely seemed that a 7lb. penalty would prevent Lovely from taking the Nassau Stakes; but Spectre, a daughter of Speculum and Lady Blanche, who had never run previously in public, won easily, and even Britomartis finished in front of Sir George Chetwynd's rather unlucky filly. Vibration (8st. 1 lb.) had little difficulty in securing the Chesterfield Cup for the second year in succession, thereby rivaling the feat previously accomplished by Victor Emanuel and Coomassie. He his evidently very partial to this course, as he was actually meeting Geheimnis (9st. 5 lb.) on slightly worse terms than in the Steward's Cup, in which race she finished a long way in front of him. Fulmen (8st. 3 lb.) made a fair show, but will not be seen at his best until he has done a little more work. With all the worst of the weights, Sandiway had an easy task in the Nursery Stakes; and then came the surprise of the meeting. This occurred in the Molecomb Stakes, which was naturally booked as very like a "certainty" for the unbeaten Wild Thyme. Still Garb Or—said to be much improved since his last essay in public—and Lord Byron had plenty of supporters, but, though Archer was "up," scarcely a shilling went on La Trappe, who came with a rush in the last fifty yards, and beat the favourite by half a length. She is by Hermit out of Ambuscade, and had done so badly in her only other race that backers may well be excused for ignoring her claims. There seemed just a chance of another turn up for the ring in the Bentinck Memorial Plate—the last race of the meeting—as Bon Jour stuck gamely to Border Minstrel, but the hero of the Cup won easily enough at the finish.

The cricket of last week was not particularly interesting. Surrey defeated Somersetshire in one innings with 213 runs to spare. Perhaps the feature of the match was the first appearance of Mr. M. P. Bowden for Surrey. He made 38 in really good form, and kept wicket in rare style, being instrumental in the downfall of no less than five wickets—Messrs. Roller (64), Read (65), and Diver (98), all scored freely, and Henderson (51) gave another fine exhibition of batting. Notts, thanks mainly to Wright (127) and Barnes (120), has inflicted a crushing defeat on Gloucestershire. Messrs. Townsend (65) and Moberly (48) struggled pluckily to save the game, but Dr. W. G. Grace seems quite unable to make anything like a long score in first-class matches just at present, and the loss of his customary "centuries" is sadly felt by his county. At the time of writing the Canterbury week is in full swing, but, owing to the dry weather, the scoring all over the country is so heavy that no important match has been finished; so we must defer comment.

At the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes on Tuesday the Queen's Cup was won by the Marquis of Ailsa's cutter Sleuthhound, after an interesting contest. The Sleuthhound beat six other yachts, among them the Prince of Wales's Aline, which lost her foretopmast off Osborne. Mr. E. Guinness's Cetonia was second.

Mr. Joseph Barratt Jacques, of the Inner Temple and Midland Circuit, has been appointed a revising barrister for Lincolnshire.

The sittings of the British Medical Conference closed at Liverpool yesterday week. A meeting of the same body will be held at Exeter Hall on the 17th inst. to revise the bye-laws. Resolutions were passed in support of the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates. In the evening the association was entertained by the Mayor of Liverpool; and Saturday was spent in excursions. The Association will hold its next annual session at Belfast, Dr. Cumming, of that town, being appointed president elect.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales was opened at Cardiff on Monday, under the presidency of the Marquis of Bute. The attendance was large, and the enthusiasm great. Lord Bute, in the course of his address, said that the distinctive characteristics of a race could not be effaced, but he advised his hearers not to cling too much to the customs and traditions of past generations. The adjudications were delivered in a number of competitions in prose, poetry, and music. It was announced that seven essays had been sent in for the prize of £100 given by the National Eisteddfod Association, and that one of these had received the award. At the evening meeting Lord Bute again presided, and there was an unusual attendance.—On the same day the North Wales Musical Eisteddfod opened at Carnarvon, under the presidency of Mr. Ristibone, M.P. The Festiniog choir won the fifty guineas prize in choral competitions, the Llanberis band winning twenty guineas in brass band competitions. Sir Llewellyn Turner presided at the evening concert.

MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.

The *Cornhill* redeems its promise of being a magazine of the very lightest literature—the quality, however, is good. The author of "Vice Versa's" tale, indeed, suffers this month from the temporary diversion of the main interest into a fresh channel. Our new acquaintance are pleasant and lively, but the course of the story is not materially advanced. The "Backslider" is a capital story of a young man who, educated like the late Mr. Sydney Dobell to be the prophet of a small exclusive sect, and dispatched to Oxford to imbibe the human learning needful for the fulfilment of his mission, succumbs to the *genius loci*, aided by the bright eyes of a Rector's daughter, and disentangles himself from his old associations in the handsomest manner. "A Romance of the Mirage" is a good specimen of the traveller's tale, half narrative, half fiction. The miscellaneous papers are exceedingly thin; the best is one on M. d'Assier's notions respecting ghosts, which, in the name of the most advanced science, reinstates the most primitive conceptions of savages.

Blackwood is more varied, but less attractive, than usual; the editor seems to have been making a general gallop delivery of numerous papers—"ower bad for blessing, ower good for banning"—kept by him for a considerable time. The only remarkable contribution is the fresh instalment of "The Millionaire," with its sketches of American financial potentes and its lively satire of Mr. Gladstone and his "testimonial umbrella," with a portrait of himself carved on the handle. James Ferguson, the astronomer, is the subject of a very interesting biographical paper; and "A Heather-Burning Story," "French Novels," "The Belka Arabs," are among the most remarkable of the other constituents of a light but readable number.

Longman's Magazine is a better number than of late, and contains two contributions of a high order. One is Miss E. Nesbit's metrical tale "Absolution," a striking story told in verse of unusual power and beauty, and wanting nothing to be a masterpiece of narrative poetry but more pith and condensation. The other is the continuation of Bret Harte's "In the Carquinez Woods," the best passages of which form an idyl of exquisite purity and freshness. "Across the Plains," by R. L. Stevenson, vividly paints the varying aspects of the great American prairie and the Rocky Mountains. "At the Docks" is a graphic and instructive sketch of East-End life; and the conspiracy of the philosophers in Mr. Payn's "Thicker than Water" is a rich piece of humour.

Macmillan's pictures both belong to what may be termed the psychologically melodramatic class, in which the interest arises from the process by which mental workings are made to produce exciting and tragical results. In Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son" the problem whether Walter's evil genius is an actual or a subjective tempter is made as interesting to the reader as it could have been to the young man himself; while Mr. Julian Hawthorne continues to fascinate us with the picture of Tom Berne's impalpable vengeance and intangible villainy. In a suggestive paper on Irish local government Mr. W. Morris recommends the disuse of the existing divisions of counties, and the rearrangement of administrative divisions with more respect to physical geography. Mr. Ward contributes an excellent account of the French traveller and adventurer, Francis Garnier, a man who might have been the Olive of Cochín China but for the untimely fate which interrupted his audacious schemes of conquest some years ago. The narrative looks like a rehearsal of the recent Rivière affair, whose results promise to be so important. "Ranche Life in the Far West" describes the hardships of young Englishmen who go out sheep-farming on the south-western prairies; and Mr. Theodore Bent forcibly contrasts the miserable condition of Chios under Turkish rule with the prosperity of Samos, which enjoys a virtual independence.

The *Nineteenth Century* opens with a powerful argument by Mr. Edward Dicey in favour of the purchase of the Suez Canal by this country, or at least by an English company with a Government guarantee. Mr. Dicey thinks that the existing company, in dread of probable competition, would not be indisposed to such an arrangement; but he does not say how it would be likely to be received by the other European Powers. The opposition of French sentiment he thinks is exaggerated. Mr. Goodrich forcibly exposes the iniquity of French proceedings in Madagascar; the real motive of which is to obtain slave labour for their East African colonies. Nothing was heard of the Madagascar question until the supply of East Indian coolie labour fell off. Miss Gordon Cumming contributes most interesting and entertaining particulars of the war against locusts in the island of Cyprus. The Turks seem to have shown themselves for once tolerably efficient in dealing with this plague; it is to be hoped that exaggerated respect for individual rights will not impair the energy of their successors, of which there seems some danger. The very strongest measures are manifestly necessary. Mr. Froude treats of one of the least creditable passages in Byron's life, his relations with Jane Clermont. Miss Nightingale supports Lord Ripon's Indian policy. Captain Hoizer offers valuable suggestions on Army organisation, and the Marquis Vittelleschi declares that English policy in the East is acceptable to Italy. We hope so. Italian newspapers wrote in a different strain last year.

In the *Contemporary* Mr. R. T. Reid discusses the Suez Canal question from an opposite point of view to Mr. Dicey's. The real, though unavowed, point of difference is not the right of M. de Lesseps, but the future of Egypt. Mr. Dicey desires that the English occupation of the country should be permanent; Mr. Reid, that it should not. The general tone of Mr. Davitt's paper on penal servitude is highly creditable to him; but we fear that it exhibits too much of the characteristically Irish pity for the wrongdoer which so easily degenerates into disloyalty to the community at large. Mr. Froude's picture of the broad, strong, genial, and intensely human Luther is admirable; and contrasts forcibly with Mr. W. S. Lilly's description of the ascetic saints of Islam in the next article. Some of the traits recorded of these mystics are very fine and striking. Mr. Hamerton contributes an ingenious essay, tracing analogies between the art of sailing and the art of living. Mr. Haggard, an Indian Civil servant, supports Lord Ripon's policy; and Mr. Llewellyn Davies criticises M. Renan's autobiography from a Broad Church point of view.

The most important contribution to the *Fortnightly* is that in which so eminent a statesman as M. Léon Say deigns to expound the feelings of the French people on the Suez Canal question. It is couched in a very conciliatory spirit, and even seems to hint that the French Government will exert its influence to bring M. de Lesseps to reason. The English side of the question is ably presented in a paper by Mr. O. C. Waterfield; while French intrigue in Syria is denounced, and the relations of the various native tribes and sects explained, by Captain Conder, of the Palestine Exploration Society. Sir Julius Vogel points out the strong reasons for taking immediate action in the affair of New Guinea, and discourages the project of Australian federation. Mr. Venables writes ably on Mr. Jeaffreson's "Real Lord Byron," but has little of novelty to impart. Lord Lytton prints some very interesting cor-

respondence between his father and Macready, showing the thought and care bestowed upon the production of "Richelieu." The first of a series of expositions of "The Radical Programme" is rather discouraging, for it seems that manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, and payment of members are tools without which nothing can be attempted. The British people are certainly not just now in the humour to provide any of these implements.

The *Century* has excellent papers on Daudet, by Henry James, and on Carlyle, by John Burroughs. The recent exhibition of Mr. Watts's pictures is criticised in a very appreciative spirit by G. W. Prothero. Mr. Gosse contributes a fine sonnet on Rossetti, and "The Silk Dress Story" and "Nights with Uncle Remus" are entertaining. *Harper* is, as usual, strong in finely illustrated descriptive papers, among which may be named particularly "The Heart of the Alleghanies," "War Pictures in Times of Peace," and "The Canadian Inhabitant," a graphic picture of the peaceable, moral, picturesque, but ignorant and unimproved descendant of the French settlers in Lower Canada. There is also an interesting sketch of the Imperial Prince of Germany.

The *Atlantic Monthly* puts forth a good number. One of the most interesting articles is an essay on the reliability of ancient tradition by the Rev. Brooke Herford, showing by many examples how exact and exempt from variation tradition may be so long as, in the absence of writing, it remains the sole means of transmitting knowledge. "Academic Socialism" is a suggestive warning as to the mischief which may arise from the present fashion of educating promising young Americans at the German Universities, where political and social ideals are not in harmony with those of the United States. Mr. E. W. Longfellow's reminiscences of the painter Couture are interesting, and "A Roman Singer" continues to be clever.

The *National Review* has, as usual, too much of an amateur character, as though the authors wrote rather to amuse themselves than to instruct their public. There is, however, one notable exception in Mr. Richard Jefferies' animated "defence of sport," which is very much in earnest indeed. Nothing can be better than Mr. Jefferies' vindication of sport as a contributory to the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of nature. His treatment of the other departments of his subject would have been more impressive if it had been less impassioned. Mr. St. George Mivart, also, is evidently much in earnest in maintaining that the ratepayers at large ought to contribute to the support of Roman Catholic and other denominational schools. "The Ride of the Dead," a Greek popular ballad of the tenth century, translated by Mr. W. H. Mallock, is a fine wild story, with some affinity to Burger's "Lenore."

The *Magazine of Art* for August is an unusually good number. There is excellence and variety in both engravings and letterpress. The somewhat ponderous character of *Art and Letters* is relieved by an agreeable article on French actors, illustrated with some excellent sketches.

Temple Bar continues "Belinda" and "Jane Stewart," and adds a third serial novel in the shape of Lady Lindsay's "Town Mouse and Country Mouse," very light ware indeed. A critic of Wagner decides that Wagner had more patience and energy than genius. "Napoleon's Marshals" are the theme of a very entertaining paper, but it is surprising to find no mention of Marmont. *Belgravia* continues Mr. McCarthy's "Maid of Athens," and commences a new fiction by Mr. C. Gibbon, "Loving a Dream," which promises well. "In Pitti," by "Ouida," is a very pretty little dramatic trifle, with only two interlocutors. "A Queer Parson" is the Rev. C. Colton, author of "Lacon." Of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *London Society*, *Time*, and *Tinsley*, we can say no more than that they are fairly readable.

THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

On Friday last week, the Middlesex Yeomanry, who had been assembled for their yearly training at Hampton Court, were inspected in Bushey Park by Colonel W. Mussenden, Inspecting Officer for Auxiliary Cavalry in the Aldershot District. Our illustration of this scene, which was attended by many spectators, will gratify our readers living in the neighbourhood; and it is satisfactory to learn that the Inspecting Officer was greatly pleased with the appearance and performance of the regiment under the command of Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Harfield, and is likely to have sent a very favourable report of it to the War Office. An experimental novelty of some military interest has lately been attempted, by arming the C Troop of the Middlesex Yeomanry with the long rifle and bayonet, to act as Mounted Infantry; and the exercise was displayed upon this occasion by twenty-five men of the troop; but it has not altogether proved a success, and the men rather complain of the inconvenience of carrying the long weapon on horseback. Colonel Mussenden, after carefully examining this matter, decided that he would, on the whole, recommend the troop to return to the use of the short Martini-Henry carbine. The expediency of creating a body of mounted troops who should carry the ordinary infantry weapon, and who should be trained to dismount at the moment of action, has been much discussed since the example of the Boers in the Transvaal War, showed how it could be practised. Returning, however, to the last week's doings of the Middlesex Yeomanry, we may further mention that on Saturday, at the Greyhound Inn, Colonel Harfield and the officers of the regiment presented a handsome silver tea service to Major Kenyon-Stow, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, as a testimonial of their esteem for his energetic and efficient services as Adjutant during the past five years. The band of this regiment gave a concert at Kingston on the Thursday evening, which attracted a large audience from the town and neighbourhood.

A print of the picture "Foes or Friends?" by Phil Morris, A.R.A., which we engrave this week, is to be published by Messrs. Goupil and Co., of New Bond-street.

Mr. W. F. Purland, formerly a medical officer at Woolwich, but long superannuated, poisoned himself last week with hydrocyanic acid, leaving behind him the following note addressed to the Coroner:—

Whilst I can see I will tell all my troubles. Because I am old—eighty-two years—because I am partly deaf in both ears, blind in my right eye, and almost blind in my left eye, which was operated on three years ago at Guy's, people will not employ me. It is cruel, unkind, and I may starve. Then, the cheap dispensaries are robbing me daily of patients; then, the horrid noises and rattling of carts upset my brain and nervous system, so that I am miserable. Then, I am eyed and followed and watched by the police every day, why I do not know, until my life is wretched. The idea of going blind, to be dressed, led about, and fed, like a child! Death is preferable, and the grave. May God forgive me! To end my troubles I have taken poison, prussic acid. The bottles containing it will be found, so there will be no occasion to cut about and open my body. Let it go to the grave entire. Pray do. God bless you and everybody. By means of glasses given me at the hospital, I have managed to scrawl this.

W. F. PURLAND, Surgeon, &c.

According to the evidence of his sister, he had no troubles, and could live on his income. A verdict was returned of "Suicide through mental aberration and infirmity arising from old age."

COLLECTING DOGS.

The animal represented in our Engraving is a well-known public character on the steam-boat pier at Southsea, where people embark to cross over to Ryde. Brake is the dog's name, and he belongs to Mr. Curtiss, a furniture-remover doing business at Portsmouth and Ryde. This dog was reared by a lady residing at Southsea, but some time ago was falsely accused, as all the neighbours think, of having attempted to bite a boy. The lady was persuaded to give up her dog to be killed, when Mr. Curtiss heard of it, and, disbelieving the dog's guilt, saved Brake's life. He took the dog away to the Isle of Wight, where, on account of its remarkable intelligence, docility, and aptitude to learn almost any kind of trick, it became a great favourite. Subsequently Mr. Curtiss decided to provide for it a brass collar and box, and set it to work on the boats and pier to collect small amounts to relieve cases of sickness or misfortune that arose, through accident, in connection with the joint railway service at Ryde or Portsmouth. Mrs. Curtiss kindly took charge of the dog, and it has accompanied her when she has gone on the pier or steam-boats. We learn that in thirty-one weeks ending July 7, 1883, the time the dog had worn the collar and box, it collected £31 7s. 6d., an account of which has been published. The money has been given to the fund for widows and children bereaved, and for railway servants disabled by accidents in working the railway, to the widows and children of seamen, and to seamen disabled or sick, the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, the Isle of Wight Infirmary, and Portsea Hospital. Our illustration of "the Unpaid Collector" is from a photograph by Mr. F. N. Broderick, jun., of Ryde.

The Scotch collie dog Help, which goes all over the United Kingdom collecting money for the Orphan Fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, has also become famous. This dog was trained by Mr. John Climpson, guard of the night boat-train to Newhaven, on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, and has lately been taken over to Dieppe, where a sum of about £6 10s. was quickly collected. "Help's" address in London is to the care of Mr. E. Harford, secretary to the Society above mentioned, in the City-road.

VARIETIES OF TOURISTS.

The pursuit and observation of remarkable specimens of animated nature is a legitimate employment of summer and autumn. Collectors of birds, moths, and butterflies, with a knowing discrimination of peculiar varieties, as well as correct acquaintance with the generic characteristics of the species, find continual interest in watching their figures and motions. The haunt or habitat of each kind is soon precisely ascertained; the months of the year during which it is likely to be met with, and the accompaniments of local scenery, on mountain or moorland, in the leafy forest, or upon the banks of a river, the seashore, or the margin of a lake, to which the creature is attracted by its instinctive predilections. Gregarious species, keeping together in families or flocks, are the more readily noted in passing through the region which they frequent at particular seasons; and birds of passage have always been remarked with special attention, inasmuch as their customary appearance is an infallible indication of the time of the year. Not otherwise does it fare with the observer and student of social humanity, betaking himself, in August and September, either to the Scottish Highlands,



THE SOUTHSEA AND RYDE COLLECTING DOG "BRAKE."

to the English or the Irish Lakes, to the seacoast lounging-places of this island, or to the fjords and dals of Norway, or to the quaint old towns of Brittany and Normandy, the sunny plains of Burgundy, the castled crags and romantic banks of the Rhine and Neckar, the pine-clad hills of Central and Southern Germany, and Switzerland, with the Tyrol and the whole region of the Alps, filled with picturesque beauties and sublimities, all which he has seen before. He is already perfectly acquainted with every topographical feature, every local aspect and historical or legendary incident, described in the collective Handbooks of Murray, Stanford, Black, and Baedeker; he possesses a complete set of photographs illustrating the notable views, the mountains, rocks,

cliffs, glens, and the glaciers, the cataracts, the inland or maritime shores, the woodlands and vales of the best-frequented countries in Europe; of their old cities, with the street architecture, the churches, palaces, and monuments of mediæval antiquity; he knows all that, and has nothing more to learn by ocular inspection. But he still derives a constant pleasure, being a man of indulgent philanthropy with a mild infusion of benevolent satire (which is no impossible admixture), from contemplating the ways of his fellow-countrymen and country-women, the nomadic tribes of British tourists, with whom he travels everywhere, and can never lose sight of them from the hour of his departure at the Charing-cross Station to that of his contented return. On railway platforms, on the decks of steam-boats, in the court-yards and saloons of foreign hotels, in the Platz, Piazza, or Grande Place of every Continental city, in the aisles of every Cathedral and on the summit of its towers, on the terrace of a Schloss where the Grand Ducal band is playing, or amongst the beer-tables and coffee-stalls of a popular Music-Garden, or on the top of the Righi beholding the sunrise, or slipping and scrambling over the Mer de Glace, or chattering in the shadowy recesses of the solemn forest, he sees and hears a crowd of the same identical Londoners, or English folk of the middle class, who were at the South Kensington Fisheries Exhibition. It is sweetly home-like, no doubt, particularly when they all sit together at the *table d'hôte* in the evening, and the conversation runs mainly upon the topics recently discussed in our own newspapers, sustained by stiff British prejudices, defiantly ignoring the ideas of the Continental world. But the philosophical student of mankind, being free from party spirit and from sectarian bigotry, takes no heed of their vehement assertions of opinion, and devotes himself to the scrutiny of individual varieties of temperament, breeding, and habit, which he often perceives to be similar in some of the American, French, and German specimens; for "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." From this point of view it is that our Artist has portrayed, in his vivid sketches, including persons of different nationalities, but all belonging to the great overrunning herd of Tourists, so many groups and single figures each bearing the stamp of a certain peculiarity, the enthusiastic, the indolent, the enchanted, the bored, the affected idealist, the realistic dowdy, the flirting, the prating, the exacting and quarrelsome, the courteous, gentle, and sympathetic, the shrewd and patient old stagers, and those amiable young ones, whom we heartily wish to see pleased. Love-making, indeed, even between the husband and bride on a honeymoon tour, is an occupation that considerably interferes with the proper business of foreign travel, that of informing the mind and gratifying a refined æsthetic faculty with the wonders of nature and fine art. The fond couple, when fairly wedded and escaped from their friends in England, may as well quietly settle down for the whole month in the first place that suits their fancy, and look rather in each other's eyes for what to love and admire, than at the surrounding prospects of a famous city or glorious landscape. "Turn, Angelina, ever dear," says the young man to the young woman, "I'd rather see your face than the crimson blush on the snow of the Jungfrau." But wherever they go, and whatever they do, we sincerely hope they will not fall into the melancholy "bored" condition represented by our Artist's final Sketch; far better would it have been to have stayed in their own country, entering at once, from the day of marriage, into the occupation of their destined home.



INSPECTION OF THE MIDDLESEX YEOMANRY CAVALRY IN BUSHEY PARK.



VARIETIES OF THE TOURIST SPECIES.

THE CHURCH.

The Sunday evening services at Westminster Abbey are discontinued until further notice.

The Dean of Westminster has left London for the Continent. Communications respecting the Abbey should be addressed to the Canon in Residence.

The last service at the Temple Church prior to the long vacation took place on Sunday, when the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, preached.

Yesterday week the new Church of St. Peter, on the Salisbury estate, Fulham, which provides accommodation for 750 adults, was consecrated by the Bishop of London.

The Duke of Westminster has given £1000 and a site of six acres of land towards the erection of a church at Caerfallwch Northop, near Chester.

The Rev. N. C. Strickland has resigned the valuable livings of Bessingby and Reighton, East Yorkshire, after an incumbency of forty-eight years.

The parish church of Leverton, near Grimsby, has been restored at a cost of upwards of £3000, of which sum about £2800 has been raised, inclusive of a gift of £400 from the Rector, the Rev. W. W. Mason.

A Parliamentary return issued on Tuesday, upon the motion of Sir Harry Verney, gives the fees and to whom paid by the Archbishop of Canterbury on his promotion to the primacy; the total being £885 5s. 6d.

The Bishop of Lichfield has become a contributor of £1000 to the Southwell Bishopric Fund. Mr. Ingram, the hon. secretary, also announces a donation of £500 from "A Friend," and £500 by Mr. Montague Williams.

The Bishop of London has discontinued his attendance on Mondays at London House till further notice. Clergymen and others wishing to see the Bishop on business are requested to write to the Rev. G. C. Bloxland, his Lordship's chaplain.

The three-light west window of Frimley church, Surrey, has received a beautiful example of Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co. The window is the gift of the late Sir Lionel Darell, Bart., and the subject represented is the Ascension of Our Lord.

Sir Henry Wilmot, M.P., laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Folkestone on Thursday week. The site of the new church was given by the Duke of Rutland, who also contributed £500 towards the building fund. All the seats are to be free and unappropriated.

The apex stone of the cross on the western front of St. Alban's Cathedral was fixed by Sir Edmund Beckett, Bart., Q.C., on Monday week, in the presence of a large company. The extreme height of the cross is 109 feet 2½ inches from the floor of the porch, and it is more than a ton in weight.

The foundation-stone of a new church dedicated to St. Augustine was laid at Dovercourt on Monday week by the Bishop of Colchester. The site is on the Cliff Estate, owned by Mr. J. E. A. Gwynne, and the land has been presented and conveyed free to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners by him.

After a restoration at the expense of Lord Boston, the parish church of Llanidan, one of the most ancient ecclesiastical edifices in Anglesea, was reopened on Sunday week, the Bishop and Dean of Bangor preaching. The Welsh tenantry have placed a window in the church as a memorial to the late Lord Boston.

The Church of St. John, at Allerston, Yorkshire, which has been undergoing restoration since 1879, has been completed from plans by Mr. E. Christian, architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Archbishop of York, who has taken great interest in the work, reopened the edifice on the 3rd inst.

By permission of the Earl and Countess of Essex, the Additional Curates Society held a meeting last week in the grounds of Cassiobury, which were thrown open to the public for the occasion. At least 1000 persons were gathered in a large tent, under the chairmanship of the Bishop of St. Albans; and home missionary appeals were made by Canon Boyd Carpenter and Canon Knox Little on behalf of the society.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, and Liverpool, as delegates of the Church in Australia, have unanimously elected the Rev. Alfred Barry, D.D., Principal of King's College, London, and Canon of Westminster, to be Bishop of Sydney, Metropolitan of New South Wales, and Primate of Australia and Tasmania. After careful consideration, Canon Barry, in obedience to the desire of these prelates, has accepted the post.

A meeting of the Council of the Hospital Sunday Fund was held last week, at the Mansion House, for the purpose of distributing the amount collected on Hospital Sunday at the various churches and chapels in the metropolis among the hospitals and dispensaries. Alderman Sir Sydney H. Waterlow, M.P., in whose mayoralty, in 1873, the fund was started, presided. The report of the distribution committee stated that the total amount available for distribution, after allowing sufficiently for liabilities and the usual current expenses, was £32,243; of which they recommended the payment of £29,664 to ninety-seven hospitals, including six institutions which might be classed as hospitals, and £2579 to fifty-one dispensaries. Four per cent of the total sum collected, amounting to £1400, was set aside for the purchase of surgical appliances.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday week, at its house, John-street, Adelphi. The secretary, Mr. Charles Dibdin, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, rewards amounting to £40 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution for services rendered during the past month, when thirty-four lives were saved through the instrumentality of the boats. Rewards were also granted to the crews of shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts, and payments amounting to £1200 were made in connection with the 273 life-boat establishments of the institution. Amongst the contributions lately received were £650 through the Manchester branch, from Mrs. E. A. Clare, of that city, to defray the cost of a memorial life-boat to be placed at Cardigan; £200 from two friends at Blackheath and £100 (annual subscription) from the Ancient Order of Foresters, towards the support of their two life-boats at Tynemouth and West Hartlepool. A new life-boat station was ordered to be formed at Port Eynon, near Swansea. Captain the Hon. H. W. Chetwynd, R.N., was appointed chief inspector of life-boats to the institution, in succession to Vice-Admiral Ward, resigned, the committee having first expressed their deep sense of Admiral Ward's long and valuable services. The gold medal of the institution, the highest honour which it has power to bestow, has been presented by the committee to Vice Admiral Ward, along with their thanks inscribed on vellum.

In the Chancery Division yesterday week the Vice-Chancellor sanctioned a scheme for the application of the income, £1500 a year, arising from the charitable fund of Trinity Chapel, St. Martin's, to the spiritual wants of the district.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELF-HELP.

The Earl of Dartmouth on the 1st inst. laid the foundation-stone of a new hospital in connection with the Royal Kent Dispensary at Greenwich. It is to be erected on an entirely new plan, and will be the first which has adopted the style of the circular ward. The building is to celebrate the centenary of the dispensary, and to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. Canon Miller, D.D., Vicar of Greenwich, the founder of the Hospital Sunday Fund. About £7000 has been contributed, the principal donors being Mr. W. J. Evelyn, Mr. W. F. Rock, his sister Mrs. Payne, and Mrs. Penn, who each contributed £1000. In the evening a dinner was served at the Ship, under the presidency of the noble Earl. Excellent practical addresses were given by the chairman, Baron Henry de Worms, Mr. Bristow, Mr. Evelyn, the Hon. and Rev. Canon Legge, and others; but the speech of the evening was given by Mr. Rock. It produced a great impression, and was referred to in terms of warm praise by Lord Dartmouth and Baron de Worms—the latter saying that "seldom in the course of a long experience had he listened to words that had more deeply touched him." The speech of this venerable and much-venerated octogenarian is described in the *Kentish Mercury* as being "characterised at once by the grace of the poet, the fervour of the Christian, and the practical good sense of the man of business."

Princess Mary Adelaide (Duchess of Teck) opened last Saturday afternoon a new wing of the West London Hospital, a large and important institution, which now numbers upwards of one hundred beds, and promises to be in the future, as it has been in the past, of the greatest value to a rapidly-growing neighbourhood. The Bishop of London and Cardinal Manning were present to advocate and bless the good cause, while Lord Enfield explained in the clearest manner the past history and future prospects of the institution. The Princess visited every ward, and addressed pleasant words to many of the patients who were lying on a bed of suffering, perhaps of death.

Lord Shaftesbury opened the Noel Park Estate, Hornsey, last Saturday, in the presence of a large public gathering. Among those present were Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr. Sheriff Savory, and other gentlemen. The estate is the third building enterprise of the Artisans, Labourers, and General Dwellings Company. It will have no public-house in any part of it, although it comprises 2600 houses, spread over nearly one hundred acres. Mr. Morley, who spoke on the occasion, said he wanted to see dwellings erected for the immense mass of people who could not afford to rent houses of their own without taking in lodgers, and therefore he thought those on the Noel Estate would be of great public benefit.

Miss Florence Nightingale has sent a donation of three guineas to the Indian Medical Scholarship Fund, with a letter expressing her deep sympathy and warm interest in the proposal. This fund, of which Mrs. Thorne is the honorary secretary, has been started to enable female students to study medicine with a view to practise amongst the women of India.

General Lord Mark Kerr presided on the 1st inst. at the annual meeting of the Cab-Drivers' Benevolent Association. The report stated that, thanks to the support which the association had received from the public, they have £7000 invested, and a resolution was carried increasing the annuities to aged or infirm cabmen from £16 or £18 to £20. Out of 1100 members only forty were summoned during the year, and of these eighteen had been dismissed.

Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., on Monday entertained at Normanhurst, his seat near Hastings, the members of the London Club and Institute Union. Amongst those present were Mr. Waddington, the new French Ambassador, Lord Houghton, and Sir Lyon Playfair. Addressing the gathering, Mr. Waddington said the mission on which he had come to England was one of peace and goodwill. He had profound hope that he should be able to carry out the work.

Over eight hundred delegates attended at Birmingham on Monday the first sitting of the High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters, about ten thousand members of the Order subsequently marching in procession to Aston Lower Grounds. The Chief Ranger, Mr. F. G. Girling, in his address referred to the continued increase in the Order, which has now 583,799 benefit members. In reference to a disagreement which had arisen during the past year with the Irish members, he emphatically gave the Irish section to understand that no private friendships and no political views ought for a moment to interfere with or jeopardise the neutrality of the Order. It was one of the grandest principles of the Order that it recognised no creed in religion, and no code in politics. Addresses of welcome were delivered by the Mayor of Birmingham and others.

A Quarterly Court of the Governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held at the hospital on the 2nd inst. The report of the committee of management, read by the secretary, stated that since the last court the whole of the beds, both in the parent hospital and in the new extension building opposite, had continued occupied; and the charity had thus benefited a larger number of persons than in any former period, 331 beds having been made available for the relief of suffering. The expenses had naturally increased in a corresponding degree, and not having been met by the contributions of the public, it had been necessary to sell out stock to meet the deficiency. The committee appeal for help.

Admiral Lord Alcester on Monday presented the prizes at the Ragley flower show, in connection with the Labourers' Improvement Society, founded by the Marquis of Hertford.

Miss Lückes, matron of the London Hospital, gave a lecture recently on "Home Nursing and Sick-Room Appliances" for the National Health Society. This excellent treatise, full of sound practical advice on all matters appertaining to the sick-room, has been published in a neat form by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen entertained on bank holiday, at their residence, Dolles-hill, Willesden, the residents of the seven houses in connection with the Homes for Working Girls in London. A substantial dinner and tea were served on the lawn, and the band of the Royal Caledonian Asylum played.

On Tuesday the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Countess Spencer returned to Dublin from England.

Sir Claude de Crespigny and Mr. Simmons made a successful voyage by balloon across the Channel last week, alighting at Flushing. The council of the Balloon Society have resolved to present Sir Claude with the gold medal of the society.

The following important works have recently been added to the Liverpool Corporation Permanent Collection in the Walker Art Gallery:—W. Dendy Sadler's fine work entitled "Friday," presented by Mr. James Pegram; "The Beach at Scheveningen—Arrival of the Fishing Fleet," by W. J. J. C. Bond, presented by the Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. W. Radcliffe); statuette of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, by A. Bruce Joy, presented by Mr. G. H. Croxden Powell; and a fine portrait of the late Mr. Michael James Whitty, by John Bishop, presented by Mr. T. R. Russell.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

The ironworkers' strike in South Staffordshire is at an end.

The Lady Godiva Pageant was revived at Coventry on Monday, and was witnessed by a great crowd of visitors.

Mr. W. C. Pearson has been chosen a member of the Court of Common Council for Cripplegate Without.

It is officially announced in the *Gazette* that baronetcies have been granted to Dr. Andrew Clark and Mr. Prescott Hewlett, Sergeant-Surgeon Extraordinary to her Majesty.

The jurors of the Amsterdam International Exhibition have awarded a Gold Medal to Chutwood's Patent Safe and Lock Company.

Mr. Charles Ashworth James, Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, has been elected to the Derby Scholarship (which may be called the blue ribbon of Oxford prizes) for this year.

Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., has again returned 25 per cent of their half-year's rents to his agricultural tenants; and Sir James Walker, Bart., of Beverley, Yorkshire, has made a similar reduction to his tenantry.

The net proceeds of the Savage Club Entertainment given at the Albert Hall for the benefit of the Royal College of Music amount to £1000. The advertising and printing expenses reached £1500.

Mr. Spurgeon moves to Exeter Hall for a month, commencing next Sunday (to-morrow). It is about thirty years since Mr. Spurgeon first occupied the same hall, during the enlargement of his old chapel in New Park-street, Southwark.

Last Saturday the Earl of Aberdeen invited the doorkeepers, messengers, and other officers of the House of Lords to the International Fisheries Exhibition, where he entertained them at dinner.

Her Majesty's Ministers were entertained by the Lord Mayor on Wednesday at the Mansion House; and the annual Ministerial whitebait dinner is fixed to be held at Greenwich on the 15th inst.

Two Dublin ladies, named Wilson, were bathing at Bray on Wednesday, when one of them got out of her depth, and, being seized with cramp, was rapidly drowning. A lady named Whyte, who was passing, plunged in with her clothes on, and, swimming to Miss Wilson, held her until both were rescued.

The reptiles in the Zoological Society's Gardens were on the 2nd inst. moved from their old quarters to the new reptile-house. The larger serpents were placed in stout waterproof bags, which were not taken off until the animals were safely shut into their dens. The new building is open to the public.

The Foreign Office has been moved by the misrepresentations of foreign journals in respect to the outbreak of cholera in Egypt, and the attitude of this country in respect to quarantine, to address an explanatory Circular to the representatives of her Majesty accredited to foreign Governments.

The Earl and Countess of Rosebery are about to start on a voyage round the world. They leave on the 25th of this month, and will be absent for the greater part of a year.—The Earl of Lathom and Lord Elphinstone have gone on a tour in the United States and Canada.

Canada is anxious to share the honour of receiving the Lord Chief Justice and members of the English Bar in their approaching visit to the American Continent. Lord Coleridge has received from the Bench and Bar of Toronto an invitation to visit that city and be present at a public banquet.

The import of live stock and fresh meat from the United States and Canada last week amounted to 1851 cattle, 2090 sheep, 4732 quarters of beef, and 465 carcasses of mutton, showing, when compared with the arrivals of the previous week, a decrease in live stock, but an increase in fresh meat.

The Bank holiday on Monday was generally observed in London, and, on the whole, the weather was favourable. All the principal attractions were densely crowded. The Fisheries Exhibition was visited by 55,868 persons, the Crystal Palace by 50,052, and the Zoological Society's Gardens by 26,246.

The weekly return of metropolitan pauperism shows that there were in the metropolis, in the fourth week of July, 84,992 paupers, of whom 49,937 were indoor and 35,055 outdoor. This is a decrease of 1287 and 528 as compared with 1882, but an increase of 528 and 1980 as compared with 1881 and 1880. On the last day of the fourth week of July there were 466 vagrants, of whom 306 were men, 143 women, and 17 children under sixteen years of age.

A correspondent of the *Times* writes:—"A new idea often serves as a tonic to the relaxed conscience. If, while the joy of the new Parcels Post is fully on them, folk would only turn out their cupboards and examine their bookshelves for volumes long borrowed and never returned, they would probably set in motion for the time being the largest circulating library in the world, and administer consolation to tens of thousands of long despondent rightful owners." What a day of judgment for some persons! How would the Parcels Post stand the strain?

On Tuesday the London water companies sustained a severe defeat, and Mr. Dobbs, on behalf of the public, scored a notable victory, when the Lord Chancellor made the gratifying announcement that in the case of Dobbs v. the Grand Junction Waterworks Company the House of Lords was of opinion that the judgment of the Court of Appeal should be reversed, and that of the Queen's Bench Division restored. The effect of this decision by the Supreme Court of Appeal is that water rates must in future be levied on the net, instead of on the gross, annual value of house property.

According to the accounts of the Chamberlain of the City of London, issued on Tuesday morning, the gross amount received on account of coals brought into London was £344,135. Of this total, £143,371 was paid upon coals brought into the port of London by sea; £200,031 on railway-borne coals; £305 on coals carried by inland navigation; and £426 on the quantity carried by road. The wine duty yielded £9648. From the gross total of £353,783 yielded by coals and wine there has to be deducted, drawback on coal duty £58,167, return of duty (under Act 14 and 15 Vict.) £5868, and charges and expenses of management £4102. This leaves a net sum of £285,345, which has been paid into the Bank of England to the account of the Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement Fund, pursuant to Act of Parliament.

At a quarterly meeting of the Kidderminster Town Council last week, Mr. Alderman Willis brought forward the following resolution:—"That the borough member be requested to immediately ask the Government what steps, if any, have been taken to disinfect the wools, carpets, rugs, and other textile fabrics arriving in this country from the East, before allowing them to be distributed to the public." Mr. Willis entered into particulars to show the necessity for precautions being used in the matter; and the Mayor seconded the resolution. He said there was no doubt that many of the carpets imported from the East were, as Alderman Willis had said, fabrics that had been in use for centuries in families in countries where dirt and cholera were rife; and there must be some risk of infection by persons who made use of them. The motion was put to the meeting, and carried unanimously.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

The following is a list of all pensions granted during the year ended June 30, 1883, and charged upon the Civil List. The total of the grants is £1200, composed as follows:—

Mr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner, a pension of £150, in recognition of his contributions to the history of England.

Mrs. Emma Robinson, £80, in recognition of the services of her husband, the late Canon Robinson, in the cause of public education.

Mr. John Hullah, £150, in recognition of his great services in the advancement of musical education in this country.

Mr. David Wingate, £50, in consideration of his merit as a poet, and of his narrow means of subsistence.

Mrs. Alma Haas, £80, in recognition of the position of her late husband, Dr. Haas, as an Oriental scholar, and of his important services in the British Museum.

Mrs. Auguste Margherita Elizabeth Palmer, £200, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Professor Palmer, and in view of all the circumstances of the case.

Prince Lucien Louis Bonaparte, £250, in consideration of his services to literature and learning.

Anna Maria Lady Palliser, £150, in recognition of the services of her late husband, Sir William Palliser, in the improvement of the manufacture of projectiles and rifled ordnance.

Mrs. Harriette Scott Russell, £90, in consideration of the high position held by her husband as a naval architect.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

CHATTO AND WINDUS'S CHEAP

EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each. New Volumes now Publishing.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET. By Walter Besant and James Rice.

THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD. By Robert Buchanan.

A CHILD OF NATURE. By Robert Buchanan.

THE BLACK ROBE. By Wilkie Collins.

SWEET ANNE PAGE. By Mortimer Collins.

TRANSMIGRATION. By Mortimer Collins.

FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. By Mortimer Collins.

A EIGHT WITH FORNERS. By Mortimer Collins.

FRANCES. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.

SWEET AND TWENTY. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.

BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.

THE VILLAGE COMEDY. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.

YOU PLAY ME FALSE. By Mortimer and Frances Collins.

OUR LADY OF TEARS. By James Leith Derwent.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS. By Charles Dickens.

OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens.

DE ALSTON'S GUESTS. By Mrs. Robert O. Gilbert.

JAMES DUKE. By William Gilbert.

SEBASTIAN STORME. By Julian Hawthorne.

IVAN DE BIRON. By Sir Arthur Helps.

THE LEADEN CASKET. By Mrs. Alfred Hunt.

THE HEIR OF THE FAMILY. By E. Lynn Linton.

"MY LOVE." By E. Lynn Linton.

PAUL FABER, SURGEON. By George MacDonald.

THOMAS WINGFOLD, CURATE. By George MacDonald.

THE NEW REPUBLIC. By W. H. Mallock.

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THE SEWELL



There was a song going on, too.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO GIRLS.



"MY DEAR Henny, what on earth takes you out so early?" exclaimed Mrs. Helford to her daughter on the morning after the ball night. The question was put with reproachful severity, as though Henny was committing an act of desertion, and her bonnet and shawl were the Queen's uniform about to be unlawfully disposed of in defiance of the statute.

"If you want me, dear mamma, I will stay; but I thought I would just look in at the Laurels to inquire after Miss Aldred. Her head was so bad last night, you remember, that she was unable to chaperone Sophy to the ball."

"You will do as you please, my dear, of course; but, in my opinion, charity should begin at home."

And the widow sighed, like some Cassandra who perceives the catastrophe to which all things are hastening, but is powerless to control the course of events.

Mrs. Helford was a lady of mature years, but of a tall and massive frame, to which her mourning weeds were quite unable to impart their usual impression of helplessness and desolation. She was a widow of course, though her bereavement was by no means a recent one; but she was too plump for the part. She had also another excuse for the melancholy tone and air which were habitual to her: she had lost her only son, Henny's elder brother. I say "excuse," for as a matter of fact it could hardly have been what Dr. Burton calls "a cause" for melancholy. Richard Helford had been "a mauvais sujet" from his cradle; and after a dissipated youth had married early and ill. His mother, who doated on her spendthrift son, had had her means greatly crippled by his extravagance, and, had he lived, would probably have been ruined by him. But when he died, leaving an orphan child to her care, he received not only forgiveness from her but canonization. To hear her speak of her Richard you would have imagined him to be the embodiment of all the virtues, and that his death had been a national loss instead of a happy release for everyone connected with him.

Although Henny's nature was too truthful to admit of her joining in this false worship, she showed no sign of scepticism. Not a thought ever entered her mind to the prejudice of the ne'er-do-well who had squandered so much of what might

have been hers, and had left no memory of a kindness to her in word or deed behind him. She simply transferred the love that might have been his to his little boy, of whom she was the tutor and the slave. Her mother was well aware of this, and because her grandchild was only beloved upon his own account, resented it. "Henny never loved my poor dead Richard," she would say to herself, and felt a sort of grudge against her daughter in consequence. As she had really no fault to find with her, however, she was compelled to confine herself to vague generalities of reprobation, such as "Charity begins at home." Her daughter was as affectionate as she was dutiful, but this attitude on her mother's part kept the girl at arm's length. She had no confidences with her mother, though she had no secrets from her. When Frederic Irton gained his fellowship and offered his hand and heart to her, Mrs. Helford had had very cold congratulations to offer. She did not absolutely disapprove—indeed there was no ground for absolute disapproval—but poor Henny could not but contrast her conduct with what it had been when her brother Richard had announced his intention of marrying the barmaid. In that case (though it was from fear, perhaps, as much as love, for the young man was a Tartar) she had been ready enough to make the best of the matter; the girl, after all, was virtuous; the society of dear Richard was an education for anybody, and would doubtless make a lady of her in time; he might have done worse; he would now settle down (which he did like a ship); in short, there was scarcely any opposition. But Mr. Frederic Irton was much too young; his fellowship was of no use to him, since he lost it by marriage; the Bar was a most uncertain profession, &c., &c.

"But, dear mamma," Henny would interpose at this point, "Frederick will be a solicitor."

"Quite as uncertain, my dear, and not so desirable; the lower branch of the profession. It is not as if you were an heiress and independent of fortune."

Some girls would not have scrupled to hint that they would have been independent but for circumstances over which the mother had had control, but had not exercised it. But Henny only sighed, and listened in patience.

In the end, she had been grudgingly permitted to engage herself to the man of her choice. But she could not talk of him to her mother as a daughter wishes to talk on such a subject. In one particular Mrs. Helford had certainly found nothing to complain of. "I only hope, Henny," she had somewhat ungraciously observed, "that this new attraction will not cause you to neglect poor Stevie." So far from doing so, it had, if possible, drawn the bonds of her affection for the child still closer. She was resolved that he at least should never lack a loving confidante; and all his little secrets were her own.

On the road of love and duty, indeed, Henny Helford was a constant traveller; and, no matter how rough it may be, it is rarely an unpleasant one. Nor was it in her case, truth to say, so rough as it looked. Her mother's affection for her was deep and firm enough under the mud, and even more

genuine, perhaps, than her more demonstrative regard for her dead boy. In the latter case, it was not that she "did protest too much," but that she found protestation necessary to still certain misgivings and even self-reproaches in respect to him; and I think her daughter guessed something of this, and forgave her the more readily. At all events, notwithstanding that she passed her life in what may have seemed to young ladies of spirit a dull round, Henny Helford was a happy girl, and there was a young lady of spirit next door who would have given her ears, and her earrings, to change places with her.

"You will not be gone long at all events, I do hope," said Mrs. Helford, perceiving that Henny had not laid down her bonnet and shawl on the first summons to surrender. "You must not forget Stevie's lessons."

As Henny taught and heard them every day with the same regularity with which she said her prayers, it was not very likely that she would forget them. But the fact was, Mrs. Helford was one of those women who share with some domestic animals the same repugnance to be left alone. Pet dogs will trot to the door directly they find themselves in solitude, and sniff and sob under it till some friendly human being comes to relieve their ennui; and cats will leave the hearth-rug and take up their quarters, for the same reason, on the very threshold, at the risk of being knocked over by the next incomer. The widow, of course, didn't do that; but, having no resources of her own except fancy needlework, she craved for company. Conversation she did not desire; she could supply talk in any quantity; but she wanted a listener, to whom she could pour out her woes—past, present, and to come—like tears out of a tea-pot. I have sometimes thought if such people could have a telephone fitted up for them in which they could discourse their full, with replies from the other end provided at long intervals by contract, human life would go on more smoothly for many of us.

It may be inquired, since this lady was really devoted to her grandchild, why the little boy was not sent for to relieve guard in her daughter's absence. But the fact was that Stevie's remarks when she was alone with him rather disconcerted Mrs. Helford. Though legitimate enough, he was a child of nature, and embarrassed his grandmother by his plain speaking. He was thin and small as a shrimp, with a head ever so much too large for him, so that he looked like a note of admiration; but his character was by no means in consonance with his appearance in that respect. He was always rubbing the gilt off some gingerbread theory which other children swallow without inquiry. He had endeared himself, I am afraid, to the Canon by his scepticism, quite as much as by any charm of childhood. The divine had quoted to him the Miltonic account of the eating of the Forbidden Fruit as a lesson against greediness.

Such delight till then, as seemed
In fruit she never tasted.

Greedily she engorged without restraint.

This view of our first parent at meals delighted Stevie, but he was incredulous as to the cause of the catastrophe that "brought death into the world and all our woe."

He thought the motive too inadequate. "It couldn't have been an apple," he said, "it must have been a peach."

Adam's confession, too, was not received by Stevie with the approval with which the poet would appear to regard it.

This woman whom thou madest to be my help,

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

"I think that Mr. Adam was a tell-tale-tit," was Stevie's comment, after reflection.

The Canon rubbed his chin, and shook with silent mirth. "A remarkable child," he murmured; of course Milton was right. But here was another view of the matter, as it appeared to a young gentleman of seven, four thousand years afterwards; "a very remarkable child."

And if Stevie did not spare the father of all mankind, it was not to be expected that his more immediate relatives should escape his criticism. It was no wonder that Mrs. Helford, with her artificial ways and fictitious regrets, was rather afraid of the child. He would suddenly look up from his toys when he was alone with her, and, in the gravest and most serious of tones, inquire, "Why are you always so melancholy, Grandmamma?"

"I am not melancholy, my child, or at least I hope I don't appear to be so; I always try to be cheerful."

This remark, as was his wont, the child turned over in his mind as a cow chews the cud, and then replied, "Then I wish you would try to be melancholy, Grandmamma."

The favourite topic of Mrs. Helford, her lost Richard, was closed to her in her grandson's company. She did not venture to discourse upon his father to this plain-speaking child, to whom no subject was safe from investigation, who had as pitiless a habit of eliciting truth, and by the same method—interrogatories—as Socrates himself.

Therefore it was that Stevie was not sent for to keep his grandmother company on this occasion, but remained, to his own great content, in his nursery playing with the great Noah's Ark "Uncle" Fred had just sent him from town. As his bath was handy, it naturally struck him to try the ark's powers of flotation, and when with its shifting cargo it instantly turned bottom upwards, exclaimed, "Now I wonder how Mr. Noah got over that."

Unconscious of this new outbreak of scepticism on the part of her little favourite, Henny took her way to the Laurels. Her mission, as we know, was a very simple one, and to many clever folks will doubtless appear contemptible. Who ever dreams of going to inquire after anybody's headache? Well, some people do, and these are the very last in the world to expect anyone to do the same in their case. They do not forget that their friend had a sore throat on Thursday, or complained of the toothache on Wednesday, though the sufferer himself may have forgotten all about it. For my part (and especially when it is my health that is asked after), I admire this tender solicitude. The matter, indeed, may not be so important as the price of stocks; but such inquiries are characteristic when one considers how many dear friends of one's own may be dead and buried for all that our own personal interest in them has informed us to the contrary.

It must be confessed, however (for she was but woman), that Henny had some other motive for her visit beside kind inquiries after Miss Aldred's head. She had had a letter from "dear Fred" that morning, of which she had not spoken to a human being; and what is Love without a sympathiser? What is the very best thing that ever occurred to us in all our lives if we have not a soul to whom to tell it? And though, as has been hinted, there was little reciprocity on Sophy's part, Henny made a confidante of Sophy. She was by no means displeased, then, to find upon inquiry that Miss Aldred had no headache, "leastways," as Mr. Barclay "had heard on," but had gone out, and that Miss Sophy was alone in her boudoir.

This was a little cosy room adjoining her bed-room, and by no means to be confounded with that down-stairs apartment, the door of which moved to the "open sesame" of a tink against its keyhole. It was lined with books, and would undoubtedly have been the sanctum of the master of the house had he not been better provided for in that way in College. As it was, it had a piano in it, a fernery, no aroma of tobacco, a prevailing neatness, and other signs of female occupation and supremacy. As Henny tripped up stairs unannounced, she could hear the piano, which, on the other hand, prevented Sophy from hearing her friend's gentle knock at the door. There was a song going on, too; so sweet and pathetic that Henny would not have interrupted it on any account, but stood, with her hand on the open door, gazing with affectionate admiration on the performer. Sophy was in her dressing-gown, like a pretty flower in a pink jar, and in a low melodious voice, laden with feeling, was addressing the instrument itself, as a worshipper an idol.

Oh, friend, whom glad or grave, we seek
Heaven-holding shrine,
I ope thee, touch thee, hear thee speak,
And peace is mine.
No fairy casket full of bliss
Outvalues thee.
Love only wakened with a kiss,
More sweet may be.

Here she stopped, and sighed. The recollection of a vanished pleasure, or the shattered illusion of one, seemed to overcome her. During the first lines of the next verse her voice had a mechanical ring, as though she was still thinking of what had gone before.

To thee when our full hearts o'erflow,
In griefs or joys,
Unspeakable emotions owe
A fitting voice.

And then again, at the conclusion, her heart went once more with her voice:

Mirth flies to thee, and Love's unrest,
And memory dear,
And sorrow, with her tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

Here the singer herself burst into tears, and flung herself forward on the keys in a perfect paroxysm of woe.

Alarmed and distressed beyond measure, Henny had still presence of mind to withdraw from the room, pulling the door softly behind her. Whatever was the cause of her friend's wretchedness, it was clear that she could wish no one to be a witness to it. But what could be the cause? Sophy was mistress of her own actions, and, to all intents and purposes, of her own fortune; beloved by her guardian and her adopted aunt, a favourite wherever she went, and apparently without a wish ungratified. It was true that in Henny's eyes she had made a mistake in encouraging the advances of Mr. Perry; but there was nothing serious in them as yet. She had not compromised herself with him in any way; and even already, as Henny thought, she had noticed the young man was not so importunate as he had been. Was it possible that any rejection of his attentions could have produced this outburst of feeling? If so, while pitying her friend from the bottom of her heart, Henny felt that her behaviour in the matter

in question was by no means to be regretted. Sympathetic as she was, she had never imagined these two young people on the same footing as that on which Frederic Irton and herself stood. That they were not actually engaged she had felt almost certain; but perhaps she had been mistaken, and Sophy was now bewailing an estrangement, which all those who loved her would agree was for her good. But though Henny could not prevent this consolatory reflection occurring to her, her heart was full of the tenderest compassion. What had happened (if it had happened) was none the less hard, she knew, for poor Sophy, in the meantime.

After a minute or two, during which she heard the piano gently closed, Henny knocked again, and was admitted.

The traces of tears upon Sophy's face, as they embraced, were distinct enough to Henny's eyes, but she ignored them.

"I came to inquire after your aunt, my dear," she said, cheerfully; "but as I hear she has gone out, I hope her headache has departed."

"I did not know she had had a headache," said Sophy, with averted eyes.

"Why, my dear, I thought that was the reason you didn't go to the ball last night?"

"To be sure, so it was; I had forgotten."

Henny was amazed at her coolness; she had no experience of that philosophic calm with which those who live a life of duplicity are enabled to meet all minor embarrassments. Then, as if to make up for her want of solicitude in one direction by a show of it in another, Sophy inquired after Stevie.

"Oh, he is much better to-day, and in the seventh heaven of happiness. Frederic has sent him a Noah's Ark."

"And I hope you had something too," said Sophy, smiling.

"Yes, indeed. Such a nice long letter!"

"What, and no present? That would have made me very jealous of Stevie!"

"What do I want with presents?" said Henny, simply; "what can be nicer than to hear from him? To see the very words his hand has written, to feel the very thoughts he describes in them? It is the one thing that makes his absence endurable. I often wonder what people who loved one another, and were separated, did before the post office was invented."

"Well, they did without it, I suppose," said Sophy, drily.

"Just as poor people who can't read or write have to do now."

"How I pity them!" said Henny, softly. "That must be to be poor indeed."

"I hope you may never lose your illusions, my dear. It is quite refreshing to hear you talk."

"Illusions! If you really mean what you say, Sophy," returned the other, earnestly, "it is clear to me that you have never known what Love is."

"Have I not?" smiled Sophy, bitterly and with effort, as an Indian smiles at the stake. "Well, perhaps you are right; while it lasted, however, it really did seem like Love."

"While it lasted! Nay, that proves my case at once," urged Henny. "You can never have loved truly. 'Love is love for evermore.'"

"How can you talk so foolishly, Henny?" returned Sophy, with irritation. "What experience can you have of that? You have been engaged to Mr. Irton for six months. Now, supposing you fell in love with him at first"—

"I did not," interrupted Henny.

"Very good! We will say he 'grew upon you,' like the taste for truffles or caviare. That makes your term of true love even shorter. Doubtless, you thought it wrong to love him till he had declared himself. Your devotion was 'ready laid' for that, like a housemaid's fire."

"Well, perhaps it was something of that kind," said Henny, blushing furiously; "though I don't thank you for the comparison. You really seem to take a pleasure, Sophy, in ridiculing what it seems to me a girl should hold as something sacred."

"I hope not; still, it was said by a great philosopher that no one can have any true faith who cannot afford to laugh at it. If you don't see its weak points you are in a fool's paradise. And as to love, you must admit that there are contingencies; for instance, people sometimes get tired of one another."

"I could never get tired of Frederic."

"Well, I won't be so rude as to say that he could ever tire of you; but still, there surely are cases where such a thing happens—where the man has mistaken a passing fancy for a life's devotion; or has even no capacity for love except his passing fancy. How are girls like you and me to know what men are?"

"If a man is a good brother and a good son, if he is gentle and generous, if children take to him"—

"My dear Henny, you are thinking of your Frederic," broke in Sophy, with irritation. "It is most natural that you should be always thinking of him, but it is not argument. And all that you know even of him does not prove that he will make a good husband. Moreover, how few girls have such opportunities of judging of a man's character? They know he dances well, and is a good partner at lawn-tennis; they think he looks like a Greek god: his smile, his tender speech intoxicates them. They think he will be their slave for ever."

"I don't call that Love," said Henny, firmly; "I call that folly."

"And you are very right; but it is often put to the same test as Love. They marry him."

"Then I pity them."

"Yes; but not as they pity themselves," returned the other, quickly. "To find their Greek god has clay feet; that his speech is sometimes thick with wine; that he can frown as well as smile; and that in place of a slave they have got a tyrant—that is what some girls discover when it is too late."

"Well, well; to be forewarned is to be forearmed," said Henny, smiling. "You must be mad indeed, my dear Sophy, if, with this picture in your mind of such a possible future, you ever make a mistake of that kind."

"True; I must be mad, indeed," said Sophy.

She spoke with a gravity that, upon the whole, gave comfort to her companion. The great fault she found with Sophy was that she treated all subjects in the same light way; not like Stevie, from ignorance, or the absence of a sense of proportion, but from aversion to serious thoughts of any kind, which she stigmatised generally as the "doldrums." It was evident, however, that she was not without her reflections concerning matrimony. As for the cynicism of her tone, Henny was inclined to ascribe it to some dissatisfaction at Mr. Perry's conduct, aroused tardily enough, and which was certainly not to be regretted. She had not heard of what had happened on the river the previous evening; but she knew the young man was unpopular, and deservedly so, with Sophy's people.

"You will be glad to hear, Sophy," she continued, after a little pause, "that Frederic is to be taken into partnership with Mr. Shepstone."

"I am glad, Henny," said Sophy, with a cordial kiss.

"That is good news, indeed. Then yours will not be such a very long engagement?"

"It will not be a short one, Sophy; dear mamma, you

see, is so loth to part with me, and Fred must live in London. I shouldn't wonder if an heiress like yourself, with so many attractions too, better than all the money in the world, were married first, after all."

Sophy smiled, and murmured "Who can tell?" with an indifferent air. If Henny had not been lost in rapture at the prospect, however distant, of her own happiness, she could not but have noticed the depression of her companion.

"Even when we do marry," she went on gaily, "we shall perhaps only have that terrible 'three hundred a year,' which the papers all tell us is madness for a young couple to begin housekeeping upon; but Frederic says it all depends upon whether there is method in the madness; and he has the highest confidence in my domestic economy. It is, of course, a very small sum."

"What does it matter?" cried Sophy, vehemently. "If you really love one another, that is better than thousands a year—and much more rare."

"Well, so I think, of course; though I confess I am as much surprised as delighted at finding you take the same view. There will be no visits to Paris, nor even to the seaside for us, you know; and very little gaiety even at home. I should be quite content even were that to last for ever; but Frederic says, as to the three hundred a year question, that if a man starts with that and never wins anything more for himself, it is obvious that Nature intended him for the lowest rung of the social ladder; whereas men of diligence and ability are sure to win their way in the world. Of course we shall never be rich, like you; but, perhaps, in time we may make some pleasant little nest for ourselves; and, oh! my dear Sophy, how charming it will be to welcome you to it! Think of each of us having a Fred of our own—only yours, perhaps, will be a Sir Frederick, or even a Lord Frederick—to talk about; and what a pleasure it will be to look back upon these old days, not regretfully, you know, but with sober content."

"You have happy dreams, dear Henny," said Sophy, slowly.

"Dreams! Well, perhaps they are! still I live in them, just as much as in present realities. I sometimes think you would be happier than you are if you had another string to your bow, as it were, if you added the delight of looking forward to the pleasures of to-day, which you say are enough for you. On the other hand, you enjoy yourself so thoroughly that perhaps your real"—though indeed it would be very difficult, put in Henny with a blush—"would surpass my ideal."

"My ideal is on those shelves," said Sophy, quietly, pointing to the books around her; they consisted chiefly of works which people who read travels on weekdays, and sermons on Sundays, are wont to describe somewhat superciliously as "light literature." She was a girl of intelligence and imagination, and read a good many novels. "When I want to be romantic I turn on the Lefanu tap."

"I don't deny the quality of it," answered Henny, with a smile, "but I must confess it is rather too strong drink for me. I was kept awake for nights by those dreadful stories you lent me—'In a glass darkly'; their attraction is immense, but then I don't want to have my blood curdled. The only real pleasure I derive from such books is the same one feels on awaking from a nightmare, and feeling that it isn't true. The things he describes are everyday matters; and if there was a mystery hanging over 'The Firs' (so Mrs. Helford's house was called), or a skeleton in the cupboard at the Canon's rooms at the college, or if you yourself were carrying about with you some secret too terrible for utterance, why, life would be unendurable."

"It would not be worth living, at all events," assented Sophy, with a shudder.

"My dear Sophy, are you sure you are quite well?" inquired Henny, with solicitude. Up to this moment Sophy had been standing with her back to the window, but she had unconsciously moved into the light, and it revealed a face very white and worn, with dark under the eyes.

"I have had a bad night, Henny, that's all. Perhaps in spite of what I told you yesterday," she added with a forced smile, "I was a wee bit disappointed at not going to the ball."

"I wish you would see Dr. Newton; he promised to pay his farewell visit to Stevie to-day. Now, when he comes, do let me send him in to look at you."

"No, thank you, I don't believe in doctors; besides, I shall be all right to-morrow."

"Well, I shall come and see, and if you are not, I shall bring him in myself. I must go back now, dear, because I promised mamma not to stay long, and in the meantime do not terrify yourself with melodrama. It is quite out of your line, which is that of a charming little fairy in an extravaganza. God bless you, my darling!"

"If you ask him, perhaps he may," was the unexpected reply. "Do you ever pray for me, Henny?"

"Pray for you, why of course I do, just as I pray for mamma and for dear little Stevie. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Sophy, lightly, and as if repenting of her late access of gravity. "I suppose it was that story of my guardian's about his bedmaker that put it into my mind; she told him the other day that she always prayed for him on account of his kindness to her. 'That's very good of you, Mrs. Baldwin,' he said. 'Lor bless you, Sir! not at all,' she answered, 'it aint a mossel o' trouble to put your name in along with the rest, while I'm about it.'"

"The Canon is really too bad, Sophy," exclaimed Henny, unable to repress a smile. "I don't think he has any idea how he shocks people sometimes. And yet he is such a kind good man; he always endeavours to do the very best for everybody. I am sure you must feel that even when you are not quite at ease with him."

"I feel it more than at any other time," said Sophy, gently.

The two girls embraced one another affectionately. Henny thought she had never seen her friend so dutifully inclined and reasonable. If she did have her little troubles they would be soon over, and if they involved giving Mr. Perry his congé, it would be a matter of sincere congratulation. They were not over yet, however, or had still left regrets behind them; for as Henny let herself out of the front door of the Laurels, as was her custom, she once more heard the plaintive notes of Sophy's piano, and pictured to herself that woeful little face as she had seen it, singing—

And sorrow with her tightened breast,
Comes for a tear.

CHAPTER XII.

A TURN FOR BUSINESS.

"Well, Adair, how are you this morning? None the worse, I hope, for our little symposium of yesterday—though, by-the-by, you left us early, like a true knight, to be the ladies' escort."

It was the Canon who was speaking, though without paying much attention to the person addressed. Adair had looked in, after lecture, as usual, to have a word with him about the Concordance, but found him otherwise engaged.

A large book, with clasp and key, was laying open before

him on the desk; and the Canon, in his dressing-gown, with pen in hand and knitted brow, was conning its contents.

"You find me at very uncongenial work, my lad," he went on, "poring over debits and credits. The sight of this ledger has brought those lines of Keats into my head!

Why were they proud?

Because red-lined accounts are richer than the songs of Grecian years! They haunt these 'brought forwards' like a ghost, and I can't get them out of it; and even at my best I am but a sorry accountant."

"Can I help you in any way?"

"You may try, if you like, while I put my coat on. The fact is, the money is not mine; or I should not trouble about a deficit of twenty pounds, extending over Heaven knows how long. It's a mortgage of my ward's, at five per cent, and I can't make the income from it what it should be. One can't rob the orphan, you see—or, at least, I can't; so I suppose I shall have to make the loss good out of my own money. There are, or should be, six half-yearly entries of it; and all I know about them is that they don't tally," and with that the Canon withdrew into his bed-chamber.

To thread the intricacies of a balance-sheet while a gentleman is putting his coat on, requires not so much "a head for business," as very rapid powers of calculation and a keen eye for figures. These John Adair possessed in a very high degree, and he went at his work at once, with the vigour of a navvy at a barrow. In five minutes he put his finger on the error—which, indeed, was no very difficult task for him, though it had puzzled the worshipper of Milton almost as much as it would have puzzled his blind idol. The problem done, one would have imagined that its elucidator would have closed the book, as it was of a private nature; on the contrary, Mr. John Adair (keeping his ears very attentive for the opening of the Canon's bed-room door, ran his eyes with diligence and dispatch through its opening lines—"Statement of account of moneys in trust for my ward Sophia Gilbert, etc., etc."—whereby he made the discovery that that young lady would not have less than £20,000 of her own; or, rather, that that amount was settled upon her. The young man had what is called "a turn for figures," but figures had never interested him so much before. He had known, or guessed, that Sophy was well dowered; though, to do him justice, no such knowledge was needed to fan his flame; but the precise information he had just received was certainly of an encouraging nature.

"Still in the labyrinth, I conclude?" exclaimed the Canon, reappearing in full costume, though it was not the perfection of neatness. The art of tying a white cravat was unknown to him, and he had found difficulties even in a shoe-string.

"Well, Sir, I trust I have found the clue."

"What, in ten minutes? Good venturesome youth!

I love thy courage much, and bold emprise,

but the thing is impossible."

"Where your mistake lay, Sir," continued the young man, quietly, "was in the different rates paid for the mortgages. There must have been some proviso whereby the interest was made four per cent if paid when due, and five per cent if any delay occurred in the payment."

"Why, this is magic, my lad," cried the Canon, admiringly. "How on earth did you find this out?"

By heavy Nereus' wrinkled look,
And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus spell!

or by natural instinct? It's quite true there was such a proviso in the mortgage, though I myself had clean forgotten it."

"I believe, as you say, Sir, I have some natural instinct for mathematical errors," said Adair, modestly.

This might be true, but it was not the whole truth. It had been a part of the young man's duties while in the service of his patron to assist him in his business matters, and such a proviso in a mortgage-deed is by no means uncommon.

But to the Canon it looked like an extempore conjuring feat accomplished by an amateur. Though little like the rest of the world in many things, he resembled them in this—that the exhibition of a talent he did not himself possess impressed him out of all proportion to its merit. This it is which lies at the root of the inexplicable desire for information among dull people. For knowledge for its own sake they care nothing; but the opportunity of exciting the admiration of those more ignorant even than themselves, by a display of it—if it is but how Tel-el-Kebir is pronounced in its own country—is seized upon with avidity. The pre-eminence of our public schools is founded upon it; and should they cease to teach Greek, they will lose the confidence of their patrons and cease to excite the envy of the public. The Canon, who knew something of Greek but nothing of mortgages, beheld in his young friend a sort of genius in his way, a man born for affairs.

"It is most extraordinary," he resumed, "how men's gifts differ. That you should so easily quell the might of these 'hellish charms' woven by some lawyer, whose bare wand can unthread my joints and crumble all my sinews," astounds me. My poor friend Gilbert ought to have made you his trustee (only you were in petticoats at the time), instead of me."

"Nay, Sir, I should think you were the very man for such a post," returned Adair. "A man of probity and honour, who knows little of business matters, and could therefore never move in them without legal advice, is made for a trustee."

"Granting the probity, which I hope I possess—a very just observation, young man. There is one thing to be said," added the Canon, smiling. "However little I know of business matters, I know more than my ward. She has a banking account of her own, you must know; and the other day, when I reproved her because she had overdrawn her account, replied, 'But that is impossible, Guardian, since I have still three cheques left in my cheque-book.'"

Adair laughed with the speaker, but observed, gravely enough, that it was neither natural or desirable that young ladies should give their attention to money matters when they had friends and advisers.

"The Law be praised," said the Canon, earnestly, "my poor Sophy's money can never slip out of her own hands."

To judge by his tone and force, you would have imagined that there would otherwise have been some danger of its slipping through them, and getting into other hands; then "apropos des bottes" as it seemed, he added:

"Did you hear whether there was a full attendance at the ball last night?"

"I was there myself, Sir," said the young man, gravely.

"You? Oh, I forgot, my ward said yesterday, by-the-by, that she had met you at another ball; I should have thought dancing would have been the last sort of amusement to have attracted you; but I suppose it's the figures." The Canon was by no means in a joking humour, but it was not in his nature to smother a witticism.

"I conclude," he went on with unruffled gravity, "that all the world and his wife, or at least his daughters, were there."

"The room was very crowded, though chiefly with men, Sir."

"Um! All the boating men were there, of course?"

"I should think so; I have not much acquaintance with them, however, but there were one or two I recognised."

"Mr. Perry, I suppose, was there," said the Canon, pretending to look among his MSS. for something he had mislaid. "The fact is," he went on, in explanation, since Adair maintained a silence that under the circumstances was a little embarrassing, "though I know very little of the young man myself, he visits at the Laurels occasionally, and I am afraid is inclined to presume upon it. He behaved last night on the river in a very demonstrative, not to say offensive, way; you noticed it no doubt yourself?"

"I saw that he looked towards your windows, Sir, as he drank his claret cup; but it is probable he only meant to pay you a compliment. Upon such an occasion it is allowable for the captain of the boats to be a little excited."

"At all events, I hope for the sake of his family—the young man behaved himself at the ball?"

Adair kept silence, and shifted his eyes uneasily, like one who is inclined to shirk cross-examination.

"If anything happened, Adair," said the Canon, earnestly, "I will thank you to tell me, for it may be necessary to forbid that young man my house. You naturally object, and I respect you for it, to tell tales against a fellow-student; but this is a matter which concerns me nearly, and of which I have no other means of informing myself."

"Nothing at all happened, Sir, I do assure you," said the other, gently; "indeed, Mr. Perry did not dance at all."

There was a hint of concealment in the young man's tone which did not escape his companion.

"Not dance? Is it possible you mean he was too drunk to dance?"

"I should be sorry to say that, Sir; but between ourselves, and since you compel me to speak out, it is my impression that he was in liquor. On the other hand, it is quite possible that I may be mistaken. I am not in a fast set myself, and what may seem to some men mere hilarity"—

"Pooh! everyone knows whether a man is drunk or sober," put in the Canon, moving with quick strides about the room.

"Indeed, Sir, I would not have you imagine that Mr. Perry exposed himself to public reproach; nor, indeed, did he stay long at the ball; but after an hour or so went away, as it seemed to me—though it is true I have had the misfortune to incur his displeasure—in rather an ill humour."

"I trust that while he remained, being in the condition you mention," said the Canon, uneasily, "he did not venture to speak to my sister or Miss Gilbert."

"He did not, Sir. Neither of your ladies was at the ball."

"Sophy not at the ball," exclaimed the Canon. "Why, how was that?"

The young man smiled, and slightly shrugged his shoulders.

"To be sure. How should you know?"

"I am not in the ladies' confidence," said Adair; "but, if I might hazard a guess, I think the reason may have been some slight indisposition of Miss Aldred's. I heard her say, as we were going home last night, that she had a headache."

"Very likely! there is doubtless not much the matter; nevertheless, I must go home and see about it," said the Canon, nervously.

"I hope you will find all well, Sir—With regard to what we have been talking about," added Adair, with hesitation, "I trust you will consider the matter as confidential. It was much against my inclination, as you will bear me witness, that I said anything to Mr. Perry's disparagement; but if it were known to the ladies, it would naturally prejudice them against me."

"I will take care that it is not known, and that it shall do nothing of the kind," replied the Canon, warmly. "In my opinion, your behaviour has done you great credit, Adair. I am greatly obliged to you also for unravelling these accounts. Our Concordance must stand over for this morning." The Canon had put on his cap and gown, and had his hand on the door, when he suddenly turned round and said, "If you have no better engagement for this evening, and will come and dine at the Laurels, we shall be quite alone."

"I shall do so with great pleasure, Sir," said Adair, with a light in his eye that was a greater compliment to his inviter than the most laboured acknowledgments.

"Poor young fellow," mused the Canon, as he fluttered home in the May breeze; "dines out deuced seldom, I dare say. A glass of good Léoville will bring some colour into his cheeks." Then, as if the mention of the wine had suggested the observation, he added, "It is clear to me that that fellow Perry was as drunk as a lord last night: what a mercy it was Sophy didn't go, since she could hardly have refused to dance with him had he asked her. It was no doubt because she was not there that he went off in the sulks. It is high time I should put my foot down as regards that matter. How can Sophy encourage such a fellow? I believe girls choose their lovers as, when they were children, they chose their dolls—for their looks and their movable eyes. I dare say because Adair is not good-looking she will be barely civil to him; yet he is one in a thousand; so intelligent, so observant—I can't think how that clause in the mortgage could have escaped my recollection—and withal so modest. If he had but a little money—though, indeed, with those talents of his he cannot fail to make it—I could wish Sophy no better luck than to choose such a young fellow."

(To be continued.)

The annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute was held yesterday week during the congress at Lewes, and the election of Earl Percy as president in succession to Lord Talbot de Malahide was confirmed. Newcastle-on-Tyne was chosen as the place for next year's congress.—The Kent Archaeological Society held its annual series of excursions and meetings last week, the town of Ashford being the rendezvous each day. Sir Walter Stirling presided at the annual meeting.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 26, 1879), with a codicil (dated July 16 following), of Mr. William Goding, late of No. 13, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge, who died on March 12 last, was proved on the 17th ult. by Charles Goding, the brother, and Reginald Thistlethwayte Cocks and John Francis Weymouth, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £298,000. The testator leaves £200 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, Brompton; St. George's Hospital; the Lock Hospital; and the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; £15,000, all his freehold property at Chelsea, his share of a house in Oxford-street, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, household effects, horses and carriages at St. George's-place, to his brother Charles Goding; £15,000 to his niece Laura Margaret Johnston; £10,000 to his niece Catherine Goding; £3000 to his nephew, Henry Goding; his furniture and effects at Burnham Priory, Bucks., to his brother Henry Goding; his freehold house, 13, St. George's-place, to his brother Charles for life, then to his brother Henry for life, and then to his niece Catherine Goding; his property Burnham Priory to his brother Henry for life, and then to his said niece Catherine; and legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, executors, and servants. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, the income of one moiety is to be paid to his brother Charles for life, and the income of the other moiety to his brother Henry for life, and, subject thereto, such residue is to be divided equally between his said nieces, Laura Margaret Johnston and Catherine Goding.

The will (dated March 18, 1882), with a codicil (dated March 26, 1883), of Mr. Joshua Richmond Young, late of No. 159, Westbourne-terrace, and of Iligham Lodge, near Colchester, who died on April 22 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by Mrs. Mary Young, the widow, Sydney Young and Herbert Erle Young, the sons, and David Hill Young, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £70,000. The testator gives to his wife £1000, the cash at his bankers, and his furniture, plate, pictures, jewelry, horses, carriages, farming stock, and effects; to his sons, Sydney, Herbert Erle, and William Roberts, £5000 each; to his daughters, Mrs. Anne Colville Litchfield, Mrs. Jane Donkins, Miss Mary Louisa Young, Miss Margaret Ramsay Young, and Miss Alice Young, £3000 each; and legacies to executors, brothers, sisters, sons-in-law, grandchildren, and servants at Iligham Lodge. The residue of his property is to be held, on trust, to pay the income to his wife for life; and at her death to be divided equally between all his children.

The Irish probate, granted at Dublin on June 19 last, of the will (dated April, 1883) of the Right Hon. Richard Deasy, Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, late of Carysfort, Blackrock, county Dublin, and of No. 41, Merrion-square, East Dublin, who died on May 6 last, to Hugh O'Connor and John V. Cassidy, the executors, was sealed in London on the 10th ult., the aggregate value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being nearly £38,000. There are bequests to his sisters and others, including his tipstaff, butler, and coachman; and the residue of his property the testator leaves to his son.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1862), with three codicils (dated Dec. 27, 1875; July 21, 1877; and Jan. 6, 1879), of General Sir Edward Sabine, K.C.B., formerly President of the Royal Society, late of The Laurels, Queen's-road, Richmond, who died on June 26 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould and Robert Henry Scott, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator gives numerous legacies, and as to the residue of his property, he leaves 50 per cent to his great-nephew, Maitland Pasley; 20 per cent to his nephew, the Rev. Baring-Gould; and 15 per cent each to Catherine Lyne and Susan Emma Smith.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1882) of Mr. Edward Hughes Satterthwaite, late of Lancaster, who died on May 9 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by William Thomas Sharp, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator leaves all his property upon trust for his four brothers, Thomas Edmondson Steadman, Charles James, Joseph Henry, and Benjamin Arthur, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1883) of Mr. Edward Heyrick Pease, late of Hesselwood, East Riding of York, who died on March 22 last, at Lucerne, was proved on the 5th ult. by Henry Willoughby Trevelyan and Francis Richard Pease, J.P., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator, after making some specific bequests to his brothers and a sister, leaves the residue of his property upon trust for his mother, Mrs. Barbara Pease, for life. At her death he gives legacies to his brothers, cousin, and housekeeper; and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his sisters, in the proportion of four-tenths each to his sisters Mrs. Trevelyan and Mrs. Hazellrigg, and two-tenths to his sister Mrs. Edwards.

The will (dated March 22, 1876) of Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel George Philips Bousfield, J.P., D.L., late of No. 41, Grosvenor-place, who died on May 21 last, was proved on the 4th inst. by Mrs. Catherine Bousfield, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator leaves all his shares in the 1st Lancashire Volunteers Rifle Shed Company upon trust for the 1st Lancashire Volunteer Rifle Corps, and the residue of his real and personal estate to his wife. The deceased was M.P. for Bath in the Conservative interest in the last Parliament.

The will (dated Sept. 28, 1878) of Lady Frances Elizabeth Scrase Dickens, late of Coolhurst, Horsham, Sussex, who died on March 2 last, has been proved by Charles Spencer Scrase Dickens, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £10,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her personal estate to her said son. The deceased was the only daughter of the first Marquis of Northampton.

The will and codicil (both dated March 11, 1882) of Admiral Sir James Crawford Caffin, K.C.B., J.P., late of Woodlawn, Vanbrugh Park-road, East Blackheath, who died on May 21 last, have been proved by Captain Crawford Caffin, the son, Miss Emily Burns Caffin, the daughter, John Macgregor, and John Brown Ker Ingle, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testator's testamentary dispositions are in favour of his children, Crawford Caffin, Emily Burns Caffin, and Bertha Alice Caffin.

Under the will of Miss Mary Dick, sister of the late Professor Dick, founder of the Edinburgh Veterinary College of that name, after the payment of £100 to the society for the benefit of widows of veterinary surgeons and certain other legacies, the residue of her estate shall be held by trustees until it amounts to £20,000, when it shall be divided into two equal portions, £10,000 being applied in the furtherance of the veterinary college in Clyde-street, and the other £10,000 for the founding of a professorship, either of comparative anatomy or of surgical anatomy.

Sir Harry William Dashwood, Bart., of Kirtlington Park, has accepted the office of Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, vacant by the death of the Duke of Marlborough.



THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT: INHABITANTS OF BOULAK, CAIRO, CROWDING INTO BARGES ON THE NILE.

OBITUARY.

SIR EDWARD H. SCOTT, BART.

Sir Edward Henry Scott, fifth Baronet, of Lytchet Minster, in the county of Dorset, died on the 1st inst., at Hamlet Lodge, West Cowes. He was born Feb. 19, 1842, the second son of Sir Claude-Edward Scott, third Baronet, by Mary, his wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Theophilus Russell Buckworth, of Cockley Cley Hall, Norfolk, and was great-grandson of Sir Claude Scott, of Lytchet Minster, the eminent banker, on whom a baronetcy was conferred in 1821. The gentleman whose death we record was also a banker in London, succeeded his brother, Sir Claude-Edward Scott, Bart., and resided at Sundridge Park, Bromley, Kent, of which county he was a magistrate, and, in 1878, High Sheriff. He was, besides, in the Commission of the Peace and Deputy Lieutenant of Inverness-shire. He married, June 6, 1865, Emilie, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Packe, of Twyford Hall, Norfolk, and leaves, with other issue, a son, Sir Samuel Edward Scott, now sixth Baronet, who was born Oct. 25, 1873.

MAJOR OLIVER PROBYN.

Major Oliver Probyn, C.I.E., late of the Bombay Army, died on the 29th ult. He was the second son of Mr. John Probyn, of Manor House, Longhope, in the county of Gloucester, by Anna, his wife, daughter of Mr. Lloyd, of Coedmore, Lord Lieutenant of Cardiganshire; and joined the East Indian Army as a cadet in 1843. Thenceforward, until 1855, when a serious accident shattered his right hand, he served with distinction in India, in the Sikh campaign 1848-9, at Mooltan and Goojerat. Having been placed on the Bombay invalid establishment, Major Probyn was appointed in 1858 Superintendent of Police at Khandesh and Commandant of the Khandeish Bheel Corps; but broken health obliged him to resign, and return to London. He gained the confidence and affection of the wild people of Khandesh by his courage and daring. During the period of his administration he almost cleared the country of tigers, and is said to have himself killed more than a hundred. In January last he received the decoration of a Companion of the Indian Empire (C.I.E.)

MR. GREEN.

Mr. John Philip Green, formerly a Judge of the High Court of Judicature of Bombay, perished in the earthquake at Ischia on the 28th ult. He was born in 1830, the only son of the Rev. Henry Green, of Knutsford, graduated at the London University, and was called to the Bar in 1856. Settling in Bombay, he obtained extensive practice, and in 1873 became one of the Judges of the High Court of Judicature. Failing health obliged him to retire in 1881. He married, first, Miss Herbert, daughter of the Royal Academician; and, secondly, a daughter of the Marquis Pacca.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Charles Vacher, the well-known water-colour artist, on the 21st ult., aged sixty-five. His father was Mr. Vacher, bookseller, of Parliament-street.

Captain William Henry Rushbrooke, Commander R.N., second son of Colonel Rushbrooke of Rushbrooke Park, Suffolk, formerly M.P. for West Suffolk, on the 28th ult., at West Hill House, Bury St. Edmund's, aged sixty-eight.

Mr. James Crossley, one of the founders of the Chetham Society of Manchester, and a contributor to *Blackwood* and the *Old Gentleman's Magazine*. He collected, during a long life, a very valuable library of antiquarian and general literature.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.

The mortality from cholera in Egypt continues to diminish; but up to Aug. 1 the total number of deaths was 11,600, of which 4500 were in Cairo and its suburbs, or among refugees from that city. Our illustration shows the scene at Boulak, the riverside suburb and port of Cairo, when the inhabitants, with their sick and dying, were forced to embark in barges on the Nile, for conveyance either up to Tourah, or down to the Barrage. The cholera hospital established by the Egyptian authorities in the Kasr-el-Ain was allowed to get in a shocking state of confusion, with no adequate separation of the wards, insufficient medical attendance, very little nursing, a want of proper medicines and food, and an insufferable stench. The native doctor in charge of this hospital remonstrated in vain against such neglect. Many of the police were attacked with cholera, and the frequent carrying of uncovered corpses through the streets caused great terror among the city population. This was increased by the public burning of infected clothing and bedding, which the ignorant people thought was done by order of the English on purpose to poison the air and to spread the disease. Last week, however, the English Board of Health, including General Sir Evelyn Wood, General Stephenson, General Baker Pasha, and Dr. W. G. Hunter, superseded the Egyptian Board of Health, and began an improved system of management. They telegraphed to India for a Deputy Sanitary Commissioner, eight Anglo-Indian medical officers, and forty trained Mussulman native hospital assistants, who would be sent to Suez without delay. The twelve English medical men sent also from England have arrived, and have entered on the performance of their duties at Cairo and several other places in Egypt. Dr. Leslie is at Cairo, with Dr. Hunter; Dr. Gulliver at Boulak; Drs. Wyborn and Wilkins at Alexandria; Drs. Macnally and Taylor at Zagazig; Dr. Thrupp at Damahour; Dr. Crookshank at the Gendarmerie Camp, near Kafr Dour; Dr. Acland at the headquarters of the Egyptian Army; and Dr. Cantlie at Kafr Zayat. Volunteer committees formed in Cairo and Alexandria have done good service. The military hospitals, under the direction of British medical gentlemen, are of course well conducted.

A collection of Hawaiian exhibits has reached the International Fisheries Exhibition.

The sale of the furniture and other effects at Strawberry Hill, the residence of the late Countess Waldegrave, was concluded last Saturday, having occupied ten days. The whole proceeds amounted to about £14,000.

The largest vessel ever built on the Mersey was launched last Saturday from the yard of Messrs. Laird Brothers, Birkenhead. She is entirely constructed of steel, is 450 ft. long, 47 ft. beam, and 4000-horse power; is called the *Western Land*; and is intended to carry the mails from Antwerp to New York. She has been built for the Société Anonyme de Navigation Belge-Américaine of Antwerp.

Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A., the eminent mezzotint engraver, has, the *Art Journal* says, placed at the disposal of the trustees of the Royal Academy for the time being the sum of £15,000 by deed of gift. The interest on this is to be applied to furnish annuities, not exceeding £80 each, to artists of merit who from adverse circumstances may have been unable to provide a competence for their declining years.

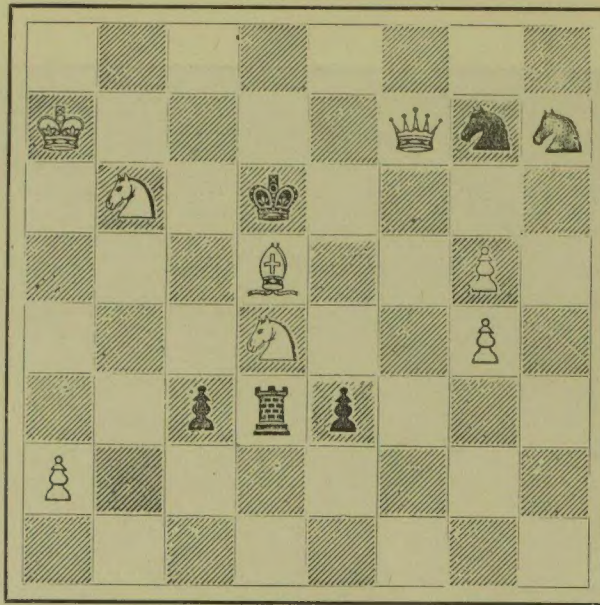
CHESS.

(Answers to correspondents are unavoidably deferred.)

PROBLEM No. 2055.

By LUDWIG FECHTER (Vienna).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Last week, through the courtesy of Mr. Blackburne, we were enabled to announce the destination of the principal prizes in this competition; but the official account of the individual scores in the several rounds came to hand too late for our last Number. To make our notes of this interesting meeting complete, we now append the result of the play from the tenth to the nineteenth round; the results of rounds 1 to 9 were set forth in our issue of the 28th ult. We have only to add that the final scores of the prize-winners were—Winawer, 14; Blackburne, 13½; Mason, 12; Berger, 11½; Bardeleben, 11; Messrs. Bird and Riemann tying for the sixth and seventh prizes, each with a score of 10½. The eighth prize fell to Herr Schallap, with a score of 10. We must not omit to acknowledge, with thanks, the courtesy of the honorary secretary of the German Chess Association, Herr Zwanzig, for details of the competitors' scores and for impressed copies of two of the games played in the master tourney. The latter, we regret to say, "impressed" us only with a strong sense of the deficiencies of human vision; for, without the aid of Mr. Sam Weller's "double million magnifying microscope of extra power" (which is not at hand), we are unable to decipher them.

TENTH.			FIFTEENTH.		
Bier	...	1 Paulsen, W. 0	Lange	...	0 Paulsen, W. 1
Löffmann	...	0 Mason	Schwarz	...	0 Mason
Schottlander	...	0 Schwarz	Paulsen, L.	...	1 Gunsberg
Bardeleben	...	1 Berger	Löffmann	...	0 Schottlander
Weiss	...	0 Bird	Bardeleben	...	0 Riemann
Schallap	...	0 Riemann	Bier	...	0 Weiss
Winawer	...	1 Paulsen, L. 0	Fritz	...	1 Schallap
Lange	...	1 Hruby	Winawer	...	1 Hruby
Blackburne	...	1 Fritz	Bird	...	0 Blackburne

ELEVENTH.			SIXTEENTH.		
Hruby	...	0 Paulsen, W. 0½	Schwarz	...	0 Paulsen, W. 0½
Blackburne	...	0 Mason	Paulsen, L.	...	0 Mason
Fritz	...	0 Gunsberg	Gunsberg	...	0 Berger
Bier	...	1 Schottlander	Blackburne	...	0 Schottlander
Bardeleben	...	0 Bird	Bier	...	0 Bardeleben
Schallap	...	0 Schwarz	Fritz	...	0 Weiss
Winawer	...	1 Berger	Löffmann	...	0 Schallap
Riemann	...	0 Löffmann	Winawer	...	1 Lange
Lange	...	0 Paulsen, L. 1	Bird	...	1 Hruby

TWELFTH.			SEVENTEENTH.		
Blackburne	...	1 Paulsen, W. 0	Paulsen, W.	...	1 Schottlander
Hruby	...	0 Mason	Mason	...	0 Bardeleben
Bier	...	1 Gunsberg	Gunsberg	...	0 Weiss
Fritz	...	0 Schottlander	Schallap	...	1 Bird
Bardeleben	...	1 Schwarz	Winawer	...	0 Riemann
Weiss	...	0 Berger	Berger	...	1 Schwarz
Schallap	...	1 Lange	Lange	...	0 Bier
Löffmann	...	0 Winawer	Paulsen, L.	...	0 Löffmann
Riemann	...	1 Paulsen, L. 0	Hruby	...	1 Fritz

THIRTEENTH.			EIGHTEENTH.		
Paulsen, W.	...	0 Bird	Paulsen, W.	...	0 Schottlander
Mason	...	0 Berger	Gunsberg	...	0 Bardeleben
Hruby	...	1 Gunsberg	Bardeleben	...	0 Weiss
Schottlander	...	0 Lange	Schallap	...	0 Winawer
Weiss	...	0 Blackburne	Bird	...	1 Riemann
Schallap	...	1 Paulsen, L. 0	Berger	...	1 Lange
Winawer	...	1 Bier	Schwarz	...	1 Paulsen, L. 0
Riemann	...	1 Fritz	Blackburne	...	1 Hruby
Schwarz	...	1 Löffmann	Bier	...	0 Fritz

FOURTEENTH.			NINETEENTH.		
Paulsen, W.	...	0 Winawer	Paulsen, L.	...	1 Paulsen, W. 0
Mason	...	1 Bird	Bier	...	0 Mason
Gunsberg	...	0 Riemann	Blackburne	...	1 Gunsberg
Schottlander	...	1 Schallap	Fritz	...	0 Bardeleben
Hruby	...	1 Bardeleben	Weiss	...	1 Lange
Weiss	...	0 Paulsen, L. 1	Schallap	...	0 Berger
Berger	...	0 Fritz	Winawer	...	1 Schwarz
Lange	...	0 Blackburne	Löffmann	...	0 Bird
Bier	...	1 Löffmann	Riemann	...	0 Hruby

THE COUNTIES CHESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of this association was opened at Birmingham on the 31st ult., and was continued from day to day to the end of the week ending the 4th inst. The several classes, into which the players were divided according to their reputed skill, were well filled, and the sixteen competitors in class one formed a stronger team than has, hitherto, been brought together at a provincial meeting. Mr. Wayne, who is at present travelling on the Continent, and Mr. Skipworth, who, although devoting his time to the business of the meeting, is yet scarcely restored to health, were absent from the lists; but the meeting was in other respects representative of English amateurs. As the duration of the meeting was limited to a week, the competitors in the principal tourney were divided into two sections; the winners in each playing for the first and second prizes, and the next best scorers for the third and fourth. The following is the result of the play in each section:—

SECTION A.			SECTION B.		
Thorold	...	5	Fisher	...	6
Cooke	...	4½	Burn	...	5½
Leather	...	4	Blake	...	4
Lambert	...	3½	Owen	...	4
Lee	...	3½	Mills	...	3
Rankin	...	3½	Coker	...	2½
Peddon	...	3	Spens	...	2
Marriott	...	1	Yarranton	...	1½

Mr. Marriott, who, we regret to learn, is suffering from ill-health, was obliged to retire after the second day's play; and the game between Messrs. Fisher and Mills was not played because the result would not have influenced the destination of the prizes. The final struggle for these was played out on Saturday last, and they fell to Messrs. Thorold, Fisher, Cooke, and Burn, in the order named. For the handicap tournament, open only to amateurs, the first prize, £5 5s., was provided by Mr. F. H. Lewis. There were twenty-five entries in this competition, and it resulted in the first prize falling to Mr. Macdonnell, and the second to Mr. D. Y. Mills. Mr. Blackburne, fresh from conquest at Nuremberg, visited Birmingham on Friday, and, after the annual dinner, at which Mr. Walton presided, played a large number of simultaneous games, with his usual success. A selection of the games played at this meeting will be published in our next and following numbers.

M. Tschigorin, the young Russian amateur who so greatly distinguished himself at the last London tournament, stopped at Paris en route to St. Petersburg, and engaged in a match with M. Arnous de Rivière. Nine games were played, of which each won four, and one, the last of the series, was drawn. M. de Rivière's name and fame were better known to the last than to the present generation of chessplayers; his retirement, qualified by an occasional friendly game at the Café de la Régence, having extended over many years. Time was, however, when there was no more welcome visitor to London chess circles than this skilful and brilliant amateur, whose genial wit off "set the table in a roar," at the old (and much regretted) "Divan in the Strand."

"FOES OR FRIENDS."

BY P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.

Nothing prettier in subject or incident than this picture was to be seen at Burlington House. Everybody will note how naturally these two little ladies betray their doubts and fears, and almost fright, as the smaller child clings to her elder sister for protection, and she in turn clutches the tree-trunk for support, and would almost shrink into it, while both, in their trepidation, have dropped all the pretty primroses they had gathered. Do you remember, gentle reader, gathering your first primrose, or cowslip, or violet in hedge-row or field? Such memories seem to lie far off. The fawns and deer in this picture are remarkable also for the happy fidelity with which they are rendered, with every shy or coy but always graceful movement—the younger fawns trotting up in front, according to their wont—in this unlike their little human "foes or friends"—but pausing ever and anon, in pretended disregard, to lick their soft, sleek coats; the older deer holding back, with pricked ears and raised noses. Not improbably the herd may be fed near here by some kind hand, and they do not understand why nothing is proffered to them by these little folk.

This is Mr. Phil Morris's principal work this year; and, recalling some previous efforts, he has been asked, somewhat impatiently, perhaps, and unreasonably, for more serious efforts. Yet an artist has the right to relax if he is so minded. So charming a little idyl as this—for so it may justly be called—was surely worth painting. If the execution is not much studied, it suffices, and goes well with the subject; and if the handling be slight, it shows, in the very character of that slightness, a potentiality you would fail to find in the carefulness of some painful painters.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

WHITEBAIT.

Voluminous controversy has been written upon this midget of the water; but its actual identity as a distinct species of fish seems as far as ever from being proved. Notwithstanding all Mr. Yarrell's learned arguments, there is, we think, little doubt that it is the young fry of a larger fish. Dr. Günther states his opinion that it is the young of the herring. He brings forward in support of this theory the fact that its organic construction is the same as that in the better-known fish. The vertebrae are fifty-six, the same number as in the herring, the fins and teeth also are the exact counterpart of those of a full-grown herring. Another authority, however, holds that whitebait is a mixture of the fry of many fishes. It is said that "a few turns of the prong" in a mass of whitebait, will develop quite a heterogeneous assortment, which consists of the young of herrings, sprats, prickly-backs, gobies, weevers, sand-eels, pipe-fish, white-shrimp, and here and there an infant stone-loach. It is further urged, and we believe with truth, that no full-grown whitebait with roe has ever been discovered. But, however the savants may disagree as to the identity of this fish, they are all, we believe, quite of one mind in the opinion that it is a delicious morsel, when prepared for being eaten. According to the cookery-books, it should be dried in flour, fried in lard, served up with brown bread and butter, and eaten as hot as the palate will conveniently allow. This we know, and gratefully accept. The members of our Legislature and of her Majesty's Government do not disdain to take a trip down the Thames to feed upon this delicate little creature of equivocal breed.

We read, in one account of the whitebait, that it is found in the Hamble, which flows into Southampton Water; and Dr. Parnell says that it inhabits the Firth of Forth in considerable numbers during the summer months, especially in the neighbourhood of Queensferry. But the chief scene of its visitations is undoubtedly the Thames, notwithstanding the unwholesome and noxious particles with which the river below London unhappily abounds. Whitebait, as a dainty, is nothing if not fresh; hence we run down to Greenwich or Blackwall in order best to eat our whitebait. At one time it was caught in abundance off the before-mentioned places; but the vast extension of our metropolitan main sewerage works, combined with other causes, now render the water there so impure that it hardly ever ventures above Gravesend, and then nearly always on a high spring flood. The chief places for its capture now are off Southend and in the Lower Hope.

The net used in taking whitebait, as shown in Sketch No. 3, is a sort of bag, with a big mouth tapering off into a long tail, about eighteen or twenty feet in length, and capable of being untied at the end. The beam at the bottom of the mouth of the net is generally about 15 ft. long, and upon this are nailed three pieces of wood, forming a triangle, the apex of which points outwards, and to which the rope is tied which anchors the net when in use. In the centre of this beam an upright pole of about 7 ft. in height is set up, and upon it another piece, of about the same length, or perhaps slightly longer, is fastened crosswise; the sides of the mouth being formed by ropes. A piece of rope, fastened to the lower rope and then brought to the top of the upright stake, keeps the net in a proper position when in the water. The boats in general use for this kind of fishing are about 23 ft. long, with a good proportion of beam, and contain a little cramped-up cabin: they are generally rigged with a sprit-sail, which being taken down when at anchor gives ample room for all operations with the net.

The method of fishing is as follows:—Anchoring the boat in the tideway, where the fish are known to abound, the men throw overboard the anchor attached to the rope fastened to the net, which is cast overboard on the left-hand side of the boat, with its mouth against the tide. It is kept in the position required by a rope attached to the centre stake and passed through a block tied to the mast of the boat. By this arrangement (Sketch 4) the tail of the net just comes even with the stern of the boat, so that when sufficient bait has been captured the tail can be lifted over the side of the boat without the fishermen having to haul up the rest of the net; and, the string being untied (Sketch 2), they can be gently shaken (they should not be handled) into the basket prepared for them.

Two men are employed with each boat. They generally fish about three hours at a time, which is usually as long a period as is advisable if a decent capture has been made. It is an important consideration, as has been said, that the fish should be eaten quite fresh; indeed, in no case can they travel far without being packed in ice. When caught they yield their captors, on the average, about eighteen pence a quart, the price varying with the supply and demand.

The whitebait fishery season commences generally about the beginning of April, and ends about the end of September.

Over sixty persons were last week fined at the Dublin police courts for burning bonfires in celebration of Carey's death.

Mr. Joseph Knight, the "Sylvanus Urban" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and for many years well known as a dramatic critic, is the new editor of *Notes and Queries*, in succession to the late Mr. Turle.



FOES OR FRIENDS?

FROM THE PICTURE BY F. H. MORRIS, A.R.A.—IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE SEEMING MYSTERY OF CHOLERA AND FEVER.



The office of the liver is to cleanse the blood as a scavenger might sweep the streets; when the liver is not working properly a quantity of effete (or waste) matter is left floating in the blood; under these circumstances should the poison-germ of Cholera or Fever be absorbed, then the disease results; on the contrary, any one whose liver and other organs are in a normal or healthy condition may be subjected to precisely the same condition, as to the contagious influences, and yet escape Cholera and Fever. This I consider explains satisfactorily the seeming mystery that persons who are placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of Cholera or Fever, who, in fact, live in the midst of it, escape unscathed. Cholera and Fever may be compared to a weed (and a very ugly one too), but even weeds will not grow on solid flagstones; and what I contend for is this, that a person may be subjected to the influence of the specific poison—that is, the germ of Cholera or Fever, and not contract the disease. Why? Because his secretions were in a thoroughly normal condition, and consequently the poison could not take root, any more than a weed could do on a flagstone; and, on the other hand, a person may have the soil (that is, disordered secretions, &c.) very favourable for the disease, and still he escapes. Why? Because the soil was prepared, but there was no seed. Hence the importance and great value of ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which, under all circumstances, keeps the secretions normal: if only as a preventive against and sure remedy for poisoned blood, biliousness, sick headaches, &c., no one ought to be without it.

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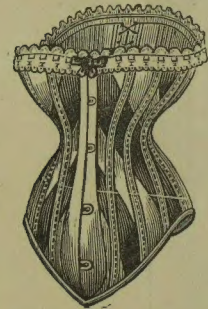
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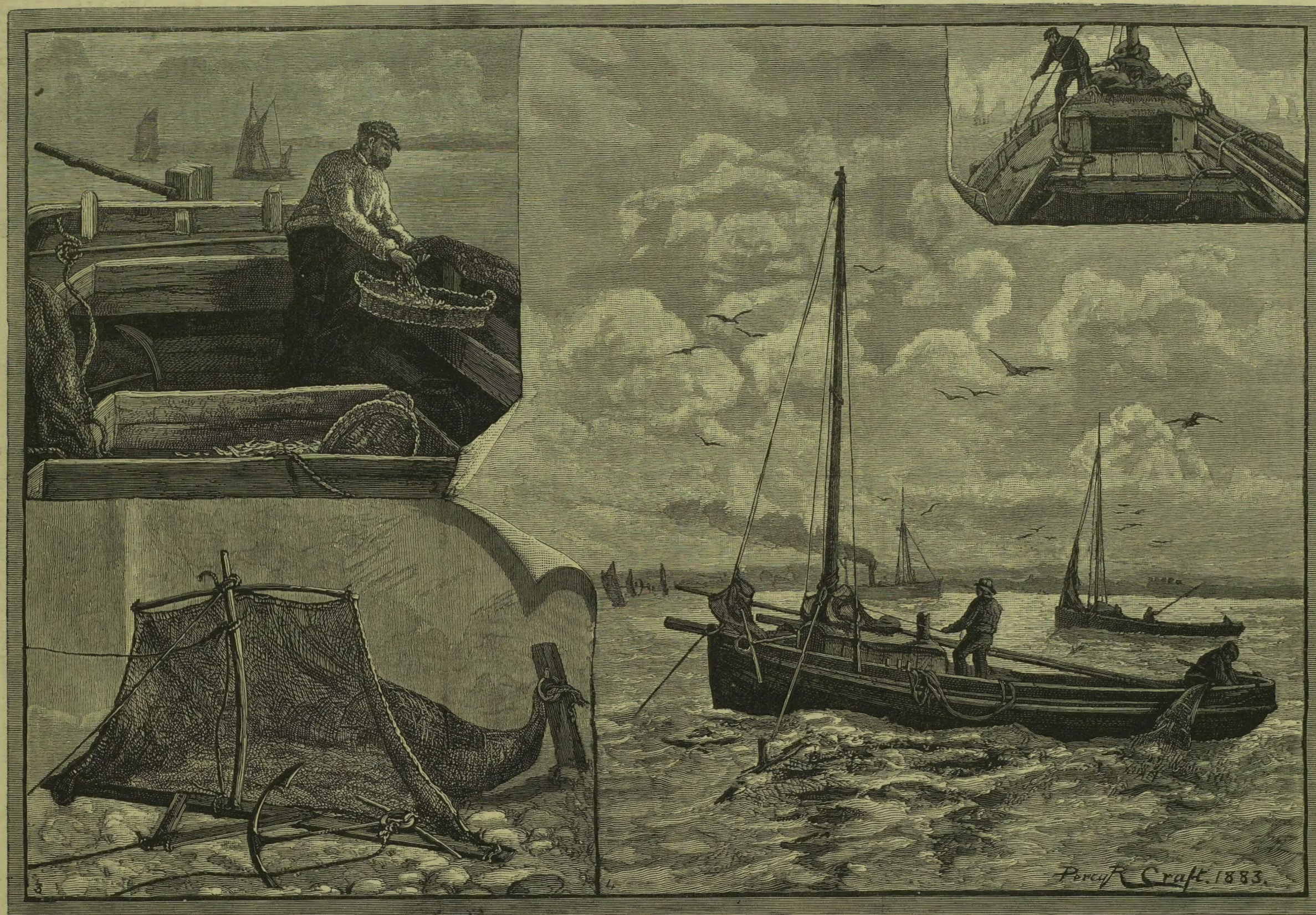
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The Secret

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1. Bow of whitebait-boat, showing cabin.

2. Stern of boat: man shaking whitebait out of net.

3. Whitebait-net, rigged up ready for use.

4. Whitebait-boat, showing the method of fishing.